F. G. Hayek
June 1923

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THINGS REMEMBERED

Madame

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BY

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1923

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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THINGS REMEMBERED

CHAPTER I

I

I FORESEE that, as I proceed with these reminiscences, I shall be dismayed by the frequent appearance of the first person singular of the personal pronoun. There are languages which sink this offending vowel in obscurity. There is no vanity in *cogito, ergo sum*, whereas, "I think, therefore I am," smells to heaven. But Latin is beyond my strength, as fortunately it is for the reader also, and we are both fain to be content with the vernacular.

Looking up from his desk one day when at work on his autobiography, Mr. Howells said to me in one of those despondent moods which beset all authors, "I am living over the dreary commonalities of my early life, and I loathe and despise the whole business." Few are the lives to escape those dreary periods, and fewer still those whose subsequent part on the stage of life justifies living them over for the instruction or

amusement of others. To membership in this goodly company I make no arrogant claim; and, as in retrospection we are not slaves to the order of time, so in these pages, in defiance of all sequences of space and time, I yield only to the seduction of days and things remembered.

2

To the traveller entering Persia from the north various routes are open. He may avail himself of the Russian railway system terminating at Baku, the centre of the oil region on the west shore of the Caspian Sea; or, leaving the railway at Vladikavkas, break to some extent the monotony of this long journey by taking a carriage through the fine scenery of the Darial Pass to Tiflis, proceeding thence by the Caucasus line to its eastern terminus at Baku; or, avoiding European Russia entirely, he may embark at Constantinople on one of the Russian Black Sea steamers for Batum, the western terminus of the Caucasus Railway. In either case Baku is the objective, for it is from Baku that the Russian steamers of the Caspian sail for Enzeli, the Caspian gateway to the Land of the Lion and the Sun.

The traveller in search of adventure may dis-

card the Caspian route altogether by leaving the steamer on the Black Sea at Trebizond to follow the old caravan route over which the riches of the East once found their outlet to Europe; or, again, he may take the branch line from Tiflis to Erivan, under the shadow of Mount Ararat. Tabriz, rather than Teheran, then becomes the objective, and it is needless to say that the traveller who elects either of these approaches must be seasoned as well as adventuresome, content with wholly primitive methods of progress. As a matter of fact, travellers in Persia belong generally to this class. Those bent, like Puck, on girdling the earth, are not to be diverted from the comparative comforts of the Red Sea highway or the Siberian Railway, and, moreover, once arriving in Teheran, would be confronted with the alternative of retracing their steps or facing the hardships of the long caravan journey to the Persian Gulf.

During my two years in Persia but one compatriot knocked at my door, and travellers in the ordinary sense of the word could be counted on the fingers of the hand. The compatriot referred to came on a singular mission, to obtain a specimen of a meteoric stone said to have fallen in the vicinity of the capital. It seems that one collects

meteorites as one collects postage stamps, and that the value of a specimen from the collector's point of view diminishes as the size of the meteorite increases. If large, there is enough to go around; if small, specimens are more difficult to obtain and the market value rises. Fortunately, our collector's quest was not in vain. The coveted object was found in a sad condition of neglect in the royal gardens of Teheran, where it had been brought by peasants from its original resting-place near Rhages, and, with the consent of the Shah, after the mutilation of numerous tools from the Royal Armory, a fragment was detached, to the great delectation of our visitor. For some reason I never fathomed, unless it be that *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, further hunger developed on the way home, and a request for more meteorite came by letter. Meanwhile the price of that commodity had risen. Reflection had done its perfect work. It was clear that anything warranting a journey of such magnitude was not to be had for the asking. Generosity had its bounds, and I was obliged to say, in diplomatic phrase, "The incident is closed."

In my time the Caucasus route was absolutely free of all danger. Peopled as is this region by fragments of nations of widely differing origins,

customs, and beliefs, of semi-nomadic habits and deep-seated racial prejudices, any such relaxing of the governing hand as followed the disasters of the Russo-Japanese War, or the more recent collapse of the Northern Colossus, is the signal for the renewal of those conflicts which from time immemorial have made the streets of Tiflis and Baku to run with bood. But my journey was entirely uneventful. Glimpses of the coast of Asia Minor from the deck of the very comfortable Black Sea steamer and brief stops at Ineboli, Samsun, and Trebizond brought back schoolboy memories of the Argonauts, the Golden Fleece, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. At Batum, our Consul, also an outpost sentinel for Standard Oil interests, rescued me hospitably from the local hostelry, and a daylight ride along the southern flank of the Caucasus Range in an equally comfortable but abnormally loitering train, affording occasional and rather disappointing views of the snow-capped mountains, brought me at nightfall to Tiflis.

Intermediate stations were alive with the local population. On the passage of a train the station becomes the rallying-place for society, promenading leisurely along the platforms as in the Castellana of Madrid or as once in the Champs

Elysées of Paris. It was amusing to watch these throngs, to whom, doubtless, a railway carriage was no novelty, but who selected this rendezvous, regardless of the hour, for meeting their friends and exchanging civilities. At the buffets I found a veritable sponge cake, rarely seen beyond American boundaries.

There was an excellent hotel at Tiflis kept by a Swiss whose cuisine was unrivalled. A year later, when reëntering Persia with my wife, while dining in its restaurant a tall stranger sauntered across the room to our table to ask: "Did n't I hear you speaking United States?" He proved to be in the Forestry Service. Returning from Trans-Caspia, where he had been searching for trees and plants adapted for North American culture, the sound of "United States" was evidently music to his ears. It was here, too, that we met the wife of a distinguished English diplomat, lady-in-waiting to the then Princess of Wales, who was bemoaning her condition of "Nothing to wear," her wardrobe having slipped from the back of a pack-animal in crossing one of the fords of the Sefid Rud.

That ford was also made memorable by an upright piano, no longer upright, reposing half-submerged in its case among the rushing waters and

serving a purpose not contemplated by its purchaser — a stepping-stone for our muleteers. Perturbing memories of that ford haunted me when my audience with the Shah was delayed several weeks by the non-appearance of my luggage.

Tiflis, under the semi-Oriental administration of Russia, was a well-ordered city where West met East in sharp contrast, without mingling. From the wide streets and open squares of the Russian quarter to the network of narrow passages and crowded bazaars of the old city, where Persian, Georgian, Armenian, Turk, Kurd, and Tartar jostled each other in endless variety of costume, tongue, and color, was but a step. If one closed one's eyes in the monumental opera house while listening to the music of Rubinstein's "Demonio" — a Caucasus legend, the soprano rôle being taken by a local celebrity — one had difficulty in realizing it was but a stone's throw to the waterless steppes of the nomad Tartar, that one was listening to grand opera in the heart of a city which Greek and Mongol, Khazar and Turk, had successively plundered. Not till 1795, after the last Persian invasion, when the entry of Russian troops restored order in the suffering city, did the Russian occupation

become permanent. One wonders to-day who lives in its Grand-Ducal palace, whether the deep-throated choir still sings in its cathedral, and who now cares for the collections illustrative of the ethnology, archæology, and natural history of the region, then the pride of its Museum.

We once happened to pass through Tiflis on the eve of Easter Sunday, and of all my recollections the most poignant is the pathetic bleatings of the Paschal lamb. Held by the legs around the neck of the captor, its protesting voice, prophetic of the feast to which it was to contribute by the sacrifice of its life, was heard on every street corner.

3

EXCEPT for its oil-wells, which had filled the city with a restless population of speculators and adventurers, Baku contained little of interest. Looking backward, the faint voice of the tourist conscience reproaches me for neglecting to "do" those oil-fields. But that particular conscience was never one of my tyrants. Coming out of Persia I was always in too much of a hurry to loiter in Baku, and, going in, repulsive as was the Babel of tongues and offensive human odors of the coffee-room of its Grand Hotel, the oily mud

and intolerable stench of the road to Bala-Khané were even more so.

Less Eastern and more commercial than Tiflis, Baku's pretensions to civilization were more repugnant than barbarism itself, and it was in its so-called Grand Hotel that I began to be apprehensive for the susceptibilities of a lady whom I expected to bring into Persia a year later as my wife. Sanitary closets had been installed in the hotel shortly before, and I was told that the novelty was considered of such general interest that a sort of house-warming, for which cards of invitation were issued, was given on the inauguration of the system. This function may have proved a social success, but the system was not functioning in 1897, and it was under conditions impossible of description that my forebodings deepened and I came to realize how much worse than pure nature is half-civilization.

The year after, we spent a miserable week in this Grand Hotel, waiting the subsidence of a gale on the Caspian, relieved only by daylight rambles in the bazaar and a gala performance of the "Barber of Seville" in the dingy theatre. It was not the danger of embarking which dismayed us, but the prospect of being unable to *dis*embark in the surf at Enzeli, the legend of a French

diplomat who made the voyage four times before he could set foot on Persian soil being the deterrent factor. Staying in Baku seemed less dreary than returning, even though several pairs of shoes were being ruined in its oily byways.

In 1868 the fisheries of the Caspian littoral were leased to a Russian firm, and already, under the Treaty of Turkmanchai, Persia had relinquished all rights of navigation. Although the percentage of salt in the Caspian is only three eighths that of the ocean, its salinity was sufficient to enable the flippant Prime Minister of Muhammad Shah to make this humiliating concession with truly diplomatic urbanity. "We are not waterfowl," he said, "that we should stand in need of salt water. It would not do to embitter the sweet palate of a friend for the sake of a handful of it."

Thus, at the time of my entry the Persian navy consisted only of a few steamers employed in the customs service of the Persian Gulf, and, on the Caspian, a steamer of one hundred and twenty tons presented by the Emperor of Russia and dignified by the title of the "Shah's Yacht."

Far be it from me, however, to ridicule this somewhat decrepit vehicle. Not only did it lend dignity to my official entry, but, when returning

with my wife, it offered a welcome substitute for the tedious passage of the great Enzeli Lagoon by rowboat. It happened that a Turkish Embassy was embarking on the steamer we were leaving, and hearing of our presence the accompanying Persian officials very courteously placed the yacht at our disposal. This courtesy was further extended by an invitation to partake of refreshments, one of those gracious invitations whose acceptance *noblesse oblige.* I watched with interest Madame's expression when the small lumps of mutton embedded in fat appeared on the table, and interest grew to admiration when, with many apologies for the absence of Western substitutes for fingers, a carefully kneaded ball of rice, dipped in an ominous-looking gravy, was tendered her. Confining indulgence to an egg whose virgin shell guaranteed safety, she tactfully explained that the desire to admire the beauties of the scenery exceeded the pangs of hunger.

No more effective introduction to the Orient than this accidental one could have been devised.

At a breakfast, given in Teheran to Madame by the Sadr Azam, I happened to mention by way of contrast her first repast on Persian soil — to my regret, for I learned later that a severe

rebuke was administered to the Resht officials for this misplaced display of provincial courtesy to "distinguished foreigners."

Having once accepted hospitality, it is certainly ungracious to criticise the menu, but sometimes, between the Scylla of giving offence and the Charybdis of a revolting stomach, one is in straits as perilous as those of Messina. Sometimes, too, there are other embarrassing complications. When in Japan gathering material for the life of Neesima, and incidentally studying the military establishment of the Island Empire, I spent one entire day in the War Office, where Colonel Murata, the designer of the Murata rifle, had very courteously placed a mass of information at my disposal. Absorbed in work, I suddenly remembered in the late afternoon that I was to dine at the Nobles Club and realized I had barely time to get back to the hotel and change my dress. When the insistent young damsel at the entrance to the Club removed my shoes, a hole of colossal proportions appeared in one stocking, occupying a most prominent position at the farthest remove from the littlest pig of the Mother Goose rhyme. Now, sitting on the floor for an hour and a half is in itself a torture worthy of the Inquisition. One stretches

out a left leg till one can stand it no longer, then the right, then gathers in both *à la Turque*, to commence over again. When all these contortions are aggravated by the handicap of concealing an offending member, the arrival of the stirrup cup is a blessed deliverance.

I was reminded of this experience by reading in Lord Frederick Hamilton's reminiscences, apropos of geisha entertainments, that when his shoes were removed he "was always unfortunate enough to find on these occasions one or more holes gaping blatantly" in his stockings. The "always" of that sentence arrested my attention, recalling the complaint, tearfully addressed by one of the younger members of the family to an elder sister, that there was a hole in her stocking. The elder sister, though herself hardly ten years a denizen in this vale of tears, with the finality and philosophy of a larger experience remarked dryly, "You must *expect* holes in your stockings." That they are to be expected may be true, but surely not that one which did not exist in the morning should grow to such a size before evening. His Lordship does not say where his numerous holes appeared nor does he describe their dimensions. My single one, however, was quite sufficient to prevent a recurrence of so mortifying an experience.

In connection with Colonel Murata I may mention that, in commenting on the very high efficiency of the Japanese infantry as shown by the records of their rifle practice, he suggested that instantaneous photography, in showing that certain attitudes of birds in flight and animals in motion as depicted by Japanese artists — attitudes generally regarded as purely conventional — were those actually assumed in nature, had explained the accuracy attained in Japanese rifle practice by establishing the superior visual powers of the Japanese eye.

It was while travelling in Japan that I fell in with a Russian gentleman who was on his way to Siberia, where he had mining interests. He was much older than I, but, as sometimes happens in spite of disparity in years, a friendship sprang up between us, now more than ever among things remembered. We exchanged cards on parting, when he gave me a number of small green garnets, which later I had mounted about an old gold Japanese coin for a scarf pin, as a souvenir of our journeying together. I am mortified to confess that notwithstanding this reminder the incident had faded from my mind when I received tangible proof that his memory of me was greener than mine of him. Age often

treasures what youth has not yet learned to value. For, many years after, I received a ring which the sender had been requested by the owner at the time of his death to forward to "the young gentleman with whom he had travelled in Japan." It is a silver ring, perhaps of no great intrinsic value, its delicate chasings well worn, bearing a green stone whose inscription in Arabic shows the original owner had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. It is not probable that my Russian friend was that pilgrim. More probably the ring was a curio which he had purchased. It has never left my finger, taking the place which would have been occupied by my West Point class ring had I owned one. I was on the committee for the selection of the ring and had devised a simple officer's sash passing round the finger and stone, its tassel ends knotted and falling over the side. Made by Tiffany at my expense, it was rejected by class vote in favor of one of those monstrosities adorned with cannon balls, flags and drums, of the taste of the period which produced the soldier standing on so many village greens to commemorate the Civil War. Stereotyped in pose, they always reminded me of the old lattice truss which used to span our rivers, destitute of all scientific principle as the

soldier at parade rest was of art, and which, like some sermons I have listened to, could be made by the mile and sawn off by the yard as needed. The above is the *raison d'être* of the ring which, like one of Madame's, never leaves the third finger.

In Japan I met Sir Edwin Arnold, who at that time had completely succumbed to the fascination of things Japanese, as also to the charm of the Japanese lady who became his third wife. My most vivid recollection of him centres about an evening when we listened in his rooms to readings from old Japanese tales translated at sight by the reader. One of these related to a maiden beloved by a hero of Japanese romance. Torn from his arms by a rival chieftain, she was living in seeming contentment as the mistress of her new lord. Some one of the company expressed surprise at what to the Western mind was so facile a change of heart. "Not at all," exclaimed Sir Edwin, "her body was her master's, but her soul was with her lover."

4

To return to Persia, the official entry of an American Minister is a shield of two sides. On the one hand is the novelty and freshness of

Oriental life and the pleasant sense of importance due to the ceremonies of reception by the officials of the provinces and cities through which one passes, as well as at the capital itself. On the other hand, while most European Governments provide travelling expenses, and in some cases an allowance for outfit, an American Minister starts on his journey with no such provision and arrives at his destination homeless. Other Governments, too, have much-prized decorations to bestow in return for special courtesies received on the road, although a watch, a rifle, and even money, are accepted without hesitation. Official backsheesh of this sort forms no inconsiderable item in the travelling account, and must be recognized as an obligation. The breakfast served at Enzeli in the Shah's pavilion, the mounted escort which meets you a half-day's ride from Kasvin and accompanies you on your departure, the *mamondar* who greets you at the frontier and is charged with your journey to the capital, the various officials concerned with the presentation of your letters of credence, must all be substantially remembered. The forethought of our Vice-Consul-General in Teheran had provided me with a suitable present for the envoy deputed to meet me. This token of my

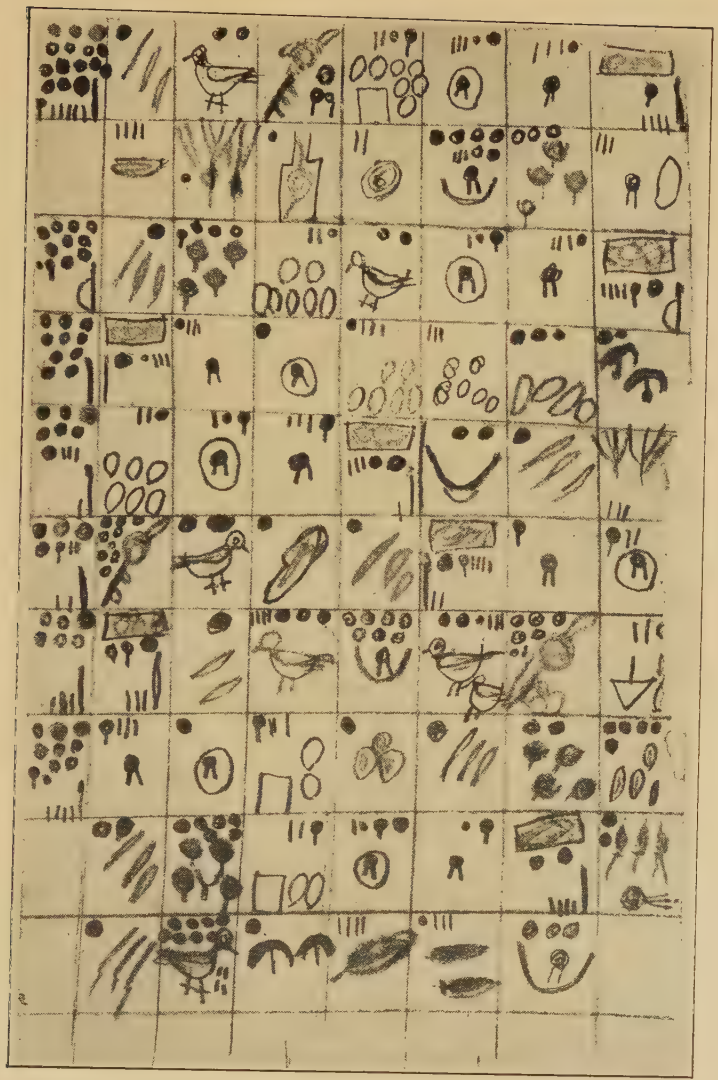
gratitude, a very handsome cashmere shawl destined for the favorite of his household, was offered me in the bazaar at Teheran a few days after my arrival, having been converted at once into cash; but I did not purchase it a second time. Other obligations were left to the discretion of the Legation *mundji*, or confidential clerk, without too minute enquiry as to what fraction of this beneficent river reached its destination. I have never entertained the ambition to reform the world. Most countries have their *prix d'ambassadeur*, and in the East, where not to bargain is to be branded as an easy victim, it is important to determine in advance the proper allowance for household expenses. But, having once settled this question, my sole concern was the maintenance of the standard. Exactly how much more or less one is robbed is knowledge not worth purchasing at the expense of peace of mind! So long as a dinner at the Legation could be described in the "Epoca" of Madrid as served with the "*esplendidez acostumbrada in esta Legación*," and its author proclaimed "*un artista*," all concerned were satisfied. Our only quarrel with this particular Spanish *vatel* arose over apple sauce. He would never concede the propriety of serving this New England delicacy except in

company with a goose or a duck. For dinners *en famille* he yielded to *force majeure*, but on the menu submitted every evening for the following day this offending sauce was invariably written on the back — the silent protest of the "*artista.*"

The problem of how far to pry into details of this sort once came up in an annoying form when the accounts of the expenses incurred in Madrid for securing the evidence required by the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission troubled the conscience of the auditor. Certain discrepancies between sums appearing on the vouchers and those actually received by subordinates could be accounted for only by unpleasant reflections on those higher up. The problem finally resolved itself into the alternative of reforming Spain and getting no evidence, or getting the evidence and shutting one's eyes, with the result that reform was judged of less importance than the evidence — a decision eminently practical. For under the Treaty of Paris we had agreed to satisfy the claims of Cuban citizens against the Spanish Government growing out of the destruction of property during the war, and most of the evidence necessary to the defence of the Treasury against these claims was in Spain — reports from Spanish officers in the field and other documents which

had been transferred to Spain on the evacuation of Cuba. Mr. Somers, later our Consul in Madrid, had been sent to Spain to secure this evidence, but, as might have been foreseen, was very naturally refused permission to prowl at random in the archives of the Spanish War Office. Moreover, all Cuban records were so scattered throughout the Peninsula that the search for what was needed by the Claims Commission was for Spain an arduous and purely altruistic labor of love in which the Spanish Government took a decidedly languid interest. It was hardly to be expected that, after the loss of the colonies, it would go to the trouble and expense of collecting evidence relative to claims from which it had been relieved by treaty.

On the other hand, there was no real reason why Spain should object to the surrender of this evidence, for only such was of any value to the Commission as also redounded to the honor of Spain, as showing that property destroyed in its military operations had been destroyed in conformity with the accepted principles governing the conduct of war. I therefore proposed that the Spanish Government be asked to designate an officer from the Spanish War Department to search for the evidence required, his compensa-



A PAGE OF THE PERSIAN CHEF'S ACCOUNTS

tion and office expenses to be paid by the commission. This proposition, after consultation with Senator Chandler of the Commission and on the approval of Mr. Hay, was submitted to the Spanish Foreign Office, was adopted, and went into effect.

It did not occur to me that this simple plan was a reason for any great self-congratulation until, after my return from Spain, a member of the Commission congratulated himself on originating it. I might have quoted the Latin proverb that it is easy to add to what has already been invented, but certain complacent audacities deprive one of the power of speech.

In the matter of *chefs*, we were very fortunate in securing in Madrid the *chef* formerly in the Russian Embassy, and in Teheran a native of Isfahan, for many years in the service of Colonel Wells, head of the Indo-European Telegraph. What this disciple of Brillat-Savarin and his assistant — whom he called his "scholar" — could produce, from the charcoal fires of his mud-walled and straw-thatched hut in the Shimran hills, was a source of constant wonder. His only refrigerator was a running rill, and every dish had to be transported a hundred yards

through the garden before appearing on the table; yet his dinner challenged the Ritz for excellence and promptness of service.

His accounts, as shown in the accompanying illustration, were purely ideographic. They were rendered in colored chalks, a device by which a tomato was readily distinguished from a potato, but I confess never to have fully mastered his alphabet. There was, of course, no danger of mistaking a chicken for a pomegranate, but the sub-varieties of a species required prolonged study. He was especially proud of his "foundations." The edible part reposed on substructures of marvellous construction, and I have frequently seen the *nazir* who served them, observing that a Persian was attacking the base instead of the capital, indicate by his forefinger where to begin, with the scornful remark, "*Here*, not *there*."

In Switzerland also we fell heirs to an Italian who had the art of both continents at her fingers' ends. Her name was most appropriately Félicie, for felicity of one kind she was constantly conferring. She was above all famous for the varieties of bread peculiar to the American breakfast, and I can still hear Sir Edwin, our British colleague in Athens, who was visiting us at

Rolle, saying to his wife, "Try this, Olga, it's excellent, *most* excellent."

While speaking of the table there comes to mind an incident which occurred at a dinner given in Teheran on July 4th. It was, therefore, a dinner for compatriots, the few American missionaries resident in the city. Although quite informal, we had invited the British Minister and his wife, and among our pleasant memories of diplomatic life is the appreciation shown by Sir Mortimer and Lady Durand at their inclusion in our small national circle. The invitation we afterwards received to the Christmas dinner and ball in the British Legation, usually restricted to members of the English colony, was equally appreciated.

To our amazement, just before dinner was announced, Askar, Madame's personal attendant, rushed into the room in great excitement and, going straight to Lady Durand, after a low bow began pouring into her ears what was evidently a tale of woe. It seems that, when a Persian servant has a complaint to make, he first selects the psychological moment, and then, for its recipient, the most honored guest — not his employer. Askar's wrongs were indeed great. The *nazir*, or steward, was an Armenian, chosen

for that office on account of his knowledge of English, whereas Askar was a Persian. While attending to his own duties, he had been called by the *nazir* to assist the latter in lighting the lanterns lining the path under the trees between the reception- and dining-room. Indignant at being subordinated to a despised Armenian, and furious over assignment to duties which did not strictly belong to him, while we were peacefully engaged in conversation Askar had been chasing the *nazir* about the garden with a knife, and now sought vindication at the hands of our chief guest. The Persian bark is worse than the Persian bite. How often, when language and gesture portended sudden death, was I to learn that it was only a difference of opinion about the weather or the tightening of a saddle girth. A few judicious words from Lady Durand and all was over, but a hostess not yet familiar with Persian ways was momentarily embarrassed.

5

Our relations with our English colleagues were naturally the most intimate, not only because of a common inheritance and language, but because, having the same fundamental conceptions of duty and using the words of that language with

SIR MORTIMER AND LADY DURAND WITH STAFF OF BRITISH LEGATION AT TEHERAN

the same meanings, we approach problems from identical points of view. Without asserting that such common words as *honor*, *woman*, etc., have a meaning superior to that of corresponding words in other languages, it is certainly slightly different, depending as it does upon peculiar conditions of Anglo-Saxon usage and tradition. In the world of ideals and obligations we always feel at home with our English cousins in spite of minor differences. It was, therefore, a joy to meet again in Madrid the Egertons of Athens days, and, on descending from the train when arriving for the first time in the Estación del Norte, to grasp the hand of Sir Mortimer, the first to welcome us in Spain as he had been the last to bid us Godspeed when leaving Persia.

Minor differences, nevertheless, exist. Pauses in conversation with Orientals are often awkward, but never so disconcerting as the frigid reserve of our oversea cousin, or the coolness with which he can relegate you to the category of inanimate things. Once, when merely an insignificant traveller unworthy of notice, I was present at one of those cosmopolitan balls given at Shepheard's in the Cairo season. As the ballroom was crowded, I had secured a chair for Madame and was standing behind another des-

tined for a niece, who had not yet arrived. An English officer on my left, reaching in front of me, grasped this chair by the back.

"Pardon me," I said, "I am reserving this chair for a lady."

"Well," still grasping the chair, "I don't understand this reserving chairs."

"If it will help you to understand," I replied, as politely as possible, "I will sit down in it."

You may confidently rely on an Englishman's not taking advantage of your physical inferiority, but he will sometimes assume on your part a moral cowardice, a willingness to be ignored and overridden, most exasperating.

Life being "a system of relations rather than a positive and independent existence," relations often artificial and conventional, it may well be that the provincial should offend through ignorance. Such are more easily forgiven than the cosmopolite who offends through arrogance, or what Mr. Lowell called "a certain condescension." Walking across the Dartmouth College campus one morning, I met a colleague of the Faculty on his way to the Library to read an article by Matthew Arnold in a recent English quarterly. As the title of the article was identical with that of the lecture to be given that

evening by its author, our distinguished English guest, I fell in with my friend's plan of refreshing the memory of what Mr. Arnold had previously said on the subject. The lecture to which we listened in the evening, with a single exception, was word for word the article we had read in the morning. The sole difference was that, whereas in the article mention of Professor Sylvester was made as of Johns Hopkins University, in the lecture, Sylvester having in the meantime returned to England, was referred to as Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. Did Mr. Arnold think that English reviews were unknown in a New England college town? Or was a double dose none too much for a college founded in primeval wilds for the education of the red man?

6

To return to Askar, who deserves more than a passing mention. Like all Persian servants he was at his best on the road. He had little conception of neatness, and looked upon the imported refinements of the European with a toleration mingled with scorn. Belonging to a race of essentially nomadic habits, what was permissible on a journey was irksome in town life.

When moving up into the Shimran hills for the summer, Askar was in charge. I happened on the scene as one of the wagons was about to start. Askar had inverted a London sofa destined for the salon. Its legs were in the air. These legs, together with parts of other movables, formed an enclosure within which an assortment of ducks, hens, and chickens were reposing in safety. *C'était à rire!* Wrath? What was the use? Why humiliate Askar to no purpose? Better to smile, at least once in a while. I called Madame to share the spectacle with me.

But in the saddle, Askar, galloping ahead, with his long whip driving the wolfish dogs from their feast on some abandoned carcass, was a sight for the gods.

His was a real personality. In respect to devotion, a devotion colored by a certain haughty racial condescension, he might be truthfully called a model servant, and he also possessed the charm of originality. Madame once prescribed green and white for the floral decoration of the table as appropriate for a midsummer dinner, and just before the arrival of our guests had satisfied herself that all was well. It was at the last moment that Askar's personality intruded, for on entering the dining-room the scarlet petal

of a geranium was seen inserted in the center of every white flower!

In the lesser capitals of Persia and Greece one was not infrequently made aware of the fraternity existing among servants in general. They were always ready to "lend a hand." At a dinner at the Italian Legation, for example, the appearance of a dish peculiar to one's own *ménage* was the occasion for no surprise. One knew its author, and in Teheran lending a hand was sometimes extended to lending an entire dinner service, so that the mere fact that His Excellency the Minister of Ceremonies across the way was giving a dinner, explained the substitution of the breakfast for the dinner service at home. It is to be suspected that lending sometimes included material which could not be returned.

7

My four crossings of the bar at Enzeli were exempt from the drenchings which its passage on stormy days involves. A pagoda-like pavilion situated in an orange grove, decorated in deplorable modern Persian style with bits of glass set in plaster and stucco-work, and devoted to the entertainment of newly arriving ministers, is the only attraction of which Enzeli can boast.

One crosses the broad lagoon of dead water, alive with the pelicans, cranes, ospreys, and gulls which swarm among its reedy shores, is dragged, poled, and towed up a sluggish river, and landed at Pir-i-Bazaar, the port of Resht. Here one takes leave of "Lalla-Rookh" and all those preconceptions founded upon the rose-gardens, nightingales, and houris of the poets. When the fog, through which the whistle has been despairingly announcing the steamer's presence, lifts, disclosing the magnificent background of the Elburz Range, clothed in verdure and crowned with snow, "every prospect pleases"; when viewing at close range the custom-house and few miserable huts of Pir-i-Bazaar, the litter of merchandise scattered about in its filthy mud, deafened by the Babel of its porters and camel-drivers, one realizes the havoc man can work with nature. Entering the second time with Madame, we were cared for by the British Consul at Resht, Mr. Churchill, and his hospitable wife.

Many years later, when travelling in Sicily, I called on the English Consul in Palermo, thinking him to be our hospitable friend of Resht. He proved, however, to be a brother, and we were invited to inspect his very interesting collection

of Italian jewelry, especially rich in enamels. It was of sufficient importance to induce King Edward, when His Majesty was in Palermo, to climb the many — if I remember rightly, four — flights of stairs to the Consul's rooms. We had spent an hour one afternoon admiring his treasures when, opening the drawers of a cabinet, he said, "Now I'll show you something I did n't show the King." I have often smiled over Royalty toiling up those stairs only to miss the "gems of the collection," gems money could not purchase, but which were evidently not considered safe from the admiration of a king.

8

THE carriage road now connecting Resht with Teheran — pronounced Teh-ran′ — did not exist in the nineties. If unencumbered by baggage, the two hundred and forty intervening miles could be made in the saddle, changing horses at the caravanserais or post-houses, and putting up with such food and shelter as they or the villages afforded. I should not dare to say from memory in how astonishingly few hours the messengers of the English Legation covered this distance. If encumbered with ladies as well as baggage, one travelled "caravan"; that is, with one's own

animals and all the impedimenta of folding-beds, tables, chairs, rugs, and *batterie de cuisine*, which permitted the negotiation of but one stage a day. I was never able to ascertain exactly how long a "stage" was. It depended upon the number of *farsaks* — the *parasang* of Xenophon — it contained, and this in turn depended upon the credulity of the traveller, who paid for his animals per *farsak*. Perhaps the average *farsak* may be put at four miles, and the length of a "stage" at six *farsaks*. My curiosity on this point never got beyond the reply of a Kurdish *charvadar*, "A *farsak* is as far as one can tell a grey from a brown camel." This particular muleteer was probably ignorant of a similar definition occurring, as stated by Curzon, in the Zend Avesta. Curzon is also the authority for the further statement that in the province of Luristan the standard of measurement is the distance at which one can hear the beat of a drum.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the *mamondar* who presided over my official entry wished to test my horsemanship, for we gathered none of the moss proverbially associated with rolling stones. The breakneck speed with which he negotiated the stony bed of the Sefid Rud was appalling, and nothing but pride prevented my

dismounting at certain stretches between rock wall and river which angels would not dare to tread. One thing is certain, Resht did not detain us. When leaving Persia finally, every scrap of baggage having been sent on to Enzeli to ensure its reaching the steamer, in the absence of our former hosts, the Churchills, we were forced to pass a night in the Resht hotel. On surveying our beds, Madame innocently asked for sheets. The production of one tablecloth for two beds was the only result.

In retrospect, at least, these adventures constitute the charm of travel. Forgotten is the perfect dinner of the Ritz, but not the breakfast at Timgad in the heart of the Aures, whose butter was rancid, milk goats' milk, and certain other inanimate things had dropped the prefix. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

The modern carriage road connecting the capital with the Caspian has probably done away with much of the travel over the old caravan trail up the valley of the Sefid Rud and over the Kharzan Pass although muleteers have an inveterate antipathy to tolls. But things in general in Persia have acquired such a habit of falling into decay that prophecy as to the durability of improvements is hazardous. Future travellers

may yet return to the rugged track of the days of Darius. Many of the stately bridges built by Abbas the Great, who so greatly improved the communications of Iran, are in ruins. Madame viewed with some dismay the frail wooden substitute, a mere pigmy beside its mighty neighbor, over the gorge of the Sefid Rud at Menjil, where two pairs of arms were barely sufficient to maintain her connection with her mount, so fierce was the wind rushing through the chasm. Many of the caravanserais ascribed to the great Safavi King, whose dynasty perished in the Afghan invasion of 1722, are also abandoned. One such, notorious for its Miyáne bug, we viewed without regret, not having yet acquired the tolerance of L'Estrange, who says "We have a horror for uncouth monsters; but, upon experience, all these bugs grow familiar and easy to us." More true to fact is the further plaintive remark: "*Ce n'est pas la piqûre dont je me plains — c'est la promenade.*"

9

VERY marked is the contrast between the three sections of the Resht–Teheran trail. The first, on the Caspian border, is a zone of rain and cloud, of forest and flower. Its first stages lie

BRIDGES OVER THE SEFID RUD AT MENJIL

through level reaches of mulberry — for Resht thrives on the culture of the silkworm — and groves of olive, tamarisk, and oak. The second day you spread your lunch under the last fringes of the forest clothing the northern slopes of the Elburz and enter the rocky valley of the Sefid Rud. Vegetation gradually disappears as you climb the summit of the Kharzan Pass, whence at an altitude of seven thousand feet you look down upon the great Iranian plateau where, thirty miles away, a dark spot marks the site of Kasvin, an ancient capital of Persia. Crossing this pass in April, no patter of rain on leaves was heard again till December, nor were leaves to be seen except in watered gardens. The pass, entirely practicable in ordinary circumstances, becomes formidable during the storms of winter. Not infrequently caravans perished in its snows, and on one occasion six weeks elapsed before a European mail reached Teheran. That was a memorable mail, arriving Christmas morning. Madame had planned a Christmas tree for the few European children, and long in advance had sent to America for books and toys. When Christmas dawned without mail, a desperate resort was had to the native bazaars, when lo! at noon came the packages despaired of. Sur-

prises of another kind were not unheard of. One of the missionaries had ordered a buckboard from America. The chassis arrived in due time, but the wheels went to Bagdad!

I crossed the Kharzan Pass once in February and lost the trail in a blinding snowstorm beyond Agababa. We finally reached a poverty-stricken village where we took refuge long enough to feed our exhausted animals. In our need a human habitation of any kind was welcome, but, like every Persian village which at a distance, bowered in orchards, appears a veritable Eden by contrast with its barren surroundings, this one proved to be the usual collection of filthy mud hovels made still more uncompromisingly repellent by winter. As I was on my way to a rendezvous with a prospective wife at Athens, and delay meant missing the weekly Caspian steamer, joy of food and warmth was tempered by impatience. I was pacing the room of our shelter, surrounded by all the inhabitants who could crowd into it, each watching every movement with silent curiosity, when an old man, squatting on the floor, spoke.

"What does he say?" I asked my servant.

"He says, 'Why does His Excellency walk when he can sit down?'"

Later, while eating my lunch, he spoke again. As a newcomer had just whispered something in his ear, I thought the horses might at last be ready. To my query came the reply:

"Not yet. He says Your Excellency has two cloths, one for your mouth and one for your nose."

For the benefit of any of my democratic readers who take umbrage at titles, I beg to say that the most humble of mind and Jeffersonian in principle cannot escape these titular fardels. A woman correspondent of an American newspaper once called at the Legation in Athens to enquire for the Minister. On being informed that "His Excellency" was out, she departed with the scornful ejaculation, "Excellency, indeed!" — her democratic ganglion having been touched to the quick. Doubtless, in her report to headquarters I was consigned to my proper circle in the Inferno.

10

On this mountain section of the trail, after forcing one of a passing caravan of loaded mules and camels over a precipice, my companion was quite ready to discard the seat of her sex for the cavalry saddle provided for this emergency. A

pack-animal knows well the safety side of the ledge. When in sole possession of the entire path, he will skirt the edge with provoking assurance, but when meeting another animal will stubbornly contend for an inside passage. Some idea of the traffic may be gained from the fact that, on one day's journey on the two stages between Menjil and Paichinar, I counted 1394 animals.

One of the two roads existing in Persia in my time was that between Kasvin and Teheran, constituting the third section of the Resht–Teheran route. Fashioned not by the hand of man, but by the feet of animals, a mere collection of mule-tracks twisting among the loose stones of the plain like the loosened strands of a rope, only by a stretch of courtesy could it be called a road at all. It was on this desert plain when finally leaving the country that the three horses of our lumbering carriage ran away as a last illustration of the infinite variety attending Persian travel. I had become aware that the driver had lost control before Madame instituted enquiries, but had prudently held my peace, having little faith in the endurance of post animals and much in the level plain. At her instance, however, I begged the *nazir* on the box to urge the driver to hold on. Came the picturesque reply, "He speaks to them,

but they will not listen." When sheer exhaustion brought them to a halt, we met a carriage with two horses occupied by Persians, going in the opposite direction. With the audacity and power of persuasion peculiar to her sex, Madame induced them to exchange their horses for ours, enlarging on their reputation for speed and the advantage of three animals over two. But the worst was yet to come. A wheel came off. It not only came off, it collapsed. We were luckily not far from a rest-house, where, from some unknown corner, an odd wheel was unearthed. It was in truth odd, refusing to go on the axle until most of its hub had been sawn off. Moreover, its diameter differed from that of the others. It consequently groaned at every revolution, but it revolved!

To all this there is another side, for Persia is one of the last strongholds of untrammelled out-of-door life in the unadulterated Orient. You discover compensations for the loss of ordinary comforts in its wide horizons and your nearness to nature. All the factitious wants of civilization vanish at the early start of sunrise when horses are saddled and packs are strapped; the limbs stiff with yesterday's fatigue are forgotten, the shadow of a rock in a dreary land contents you,

and the caravanserai, with its seething turmoil and Babel of noises, becomes a haven of rest and peace. At the yawning mouth of the room, which resembles the casement of a fort, a curtain is hung, a rug is spread on its floor, the rubber bathtub unfolded, the samovar begins its cheerful song, with speed incredible the cook appears with dinner. You stroll down with lighted cigar into the courtyard crowded with camels snarling at their drivers, eating their dry-as-dust fodder with that expression of sardonic disdain reserved for the infidel. You watch the patient mule waiting to be relieved of his burden, the groups gathered about the flickering fires, till gradually come darkness and the stars, the hubbub subsides, the smoke ascends in spirals into the night — and you fall asleep to the tinkling bells of a late arriving caravan.

It is also possible to travel *en luxe* in Persia, the height of luxury consisting in a double set of tents and equipment, one set being on the march while the other is in use. Thus, completely independent, one may start late or early in the morning at pleasure and find a camp installed at the end of the day's journey.

Among the best remembered of childhood's

joys are the hours when I listened under the counterpane to readings of the deeds of prowess of a Ulysses or a Roderick Dhu. Wonderful as they were, they never overtaxed the imagination or roused a suspicion of their verity. But there were readings from Scripture which sowed the seeds of doubt and scepticism. To mention no others, certain difficulties involved in Noah's voyage of one hundred and fifty days and nights on the high seas, especially the silence enshrouding the getting together of his travelling companions and the measures taken for the maintenance of life and discipline, problems naturally occurring to the enquiring mind of a child, were never properly appreciated or satisfactorily explained by my mother. As for the casual way in which people took up their beds and walked, a *tour de force* as remarkable to the listening boy in his mahogany four-poster as the carrying off of the gates of Gaza or the pulling down of the house of Dagon, not till, in maturer days, this feat was daily accomplished before his eyes by his Persian household, and he himself took up, not his bed only, but his house and all its furniture, was the mystery explained.

"Things remembered" by no means constitute biography, any more than the bare description of

battles and anecdotes of persons constitute history, yet they are surely to be looked for in autobiography. That they should often be so largely concerned with the objective world, to participation in great events or contacts with great persons, is surprising, since the subjective world is as real as the objective, and contact with the dead through their recorded words can be more inspiring and fruitful than association with the living. Long would be the list of those who, from my early counterpane acquaintances like Roderick Dhu to the Ulysses of Homer and Tennyson, stirred my pulses and set my feet in motion. Nor do the sparks which fire the imagination always come from those we call our favorite authors. For pure enjoyment of the purity of style or the subtleties of a delicate irony, one might call Anatole France a favorite, yet without owing him much of anything beyond a momentary and purely intellectual pleasure, while a single line, or sentence, as,

> "I, too late,
> Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn";

or,

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
> And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

or,

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces"—

like flaring torches, suddenly lit, illumine the heights of Parnassus and set our feet climbing. The modern pretension that poetry can escape law, and remain poetry, that not metre or rhythm or versification is necessary to it, is as old as the "Poetics" of Aristotle, yet that thoughts such as those above quoted would be equally effective if expressed in prose is not even debatable. Certainly something more than metrical expression, than laws of form, are necessary to constitute poetry, but even when that "something more" is present, if these laws are absent — as in many magnificent passages of the King James Version — we have hitherto pronounced them poetical, not poetry, and as a mere question of nomenclature the distinction is worth preserving. Whether in the future men and women will go to these new forms of expression for the "something more," the comfort and inspiration we have found in the great and beloved voices of the past, posterity will decide. For transcending all individual pretension there is the common consent of mankind, the final arbiter of what is imperishable in any Art.

Archbishop Trench once complained that "so noble a word as *idea* should be degraded to its current use by the person who says he 'had no idea the dinner would be so bad.'" How would the good prelate lament the present fall from dignity of words of kindred nobility!

De Morgan defined mathematics as an organ of expression. What that means you may discover by going into the Magazine Room of your Public Library. Though you be not proficient in the sciences or students of philosophy, the magazines treating of these subjects are fairly intelligible. But the Journal of Mathematics is a sealed book. It speaks literally in a "foreign" language. Not only does it use English words in new senses, as when Hamilton declares one side of a triangle is equal to the sum of the other two, but it employs an entirely new set of symbols governed by a grammar of their own. This language, which has enabled those who understand it to discover truths and reach conclusions for which all other languages are inadequate, has one peculiar characteristic — its symbols have fixed invariable meanings: x is always x. One is never in danger of confusing it with x', and it remains x in the conclusion precisely as it was in the premise. What a joy in these days of liberty to escape

from the language of necessary conclusions into the vernacular, where one may use any word in any sense one pleases, whose flexibility and sliding scale of synonyms is such that on the same page x may become x' without the reader, or sometimes even the author, suspecting it!

CHAPTER II

I

In a letter before me from Mr. Roosevelt occurs this sentence:

"Diplomatic positions of the ordinary type, when filled in the average way, do not mean in those that hold them any great or unusual service — that is, any service where what the individual does for the Government corresponds to what the individual receives from the Government. In other words, they correspond to blue ribbons and have to be used as decorations or rewards for worthy public services."

Without commenting here on this view of the diplomatic service, it must be admitted that for most of my colleagues in Teheran diplomatic life was one of "ease with dignity" — an enforced idleness, lamented as proscription or enjoyed as leisure according to temperament. Excepting Great Britain, Russia, and Turkey, vitally interested in the trend of events in Persia, to none of us did the opportunity occur to render one's Government any conspicuous service. Elsewhere, among minor services of another sort mention might be made of furnishing four Le-

gations and in one instance paying two years' rent for one year's occupancy, owing to the landlord's refusal to insert the so-called diplomatic clause in the lease, cancelling it in case of a change of post. When pitchforked from duty at West Point to the Dry Tortugas, I was provided with shelter by a Government mindful of a second lieutenant's pay. In the diplomatic service one is supposed to be above mercenary considerations, a supposition shared by every landlord eager to supply a representative of the Great Republic with a home. On this low and sordid basis the give-and-take theory laid down in the above letter usually leaves the Government a debtor.

Obviously it was not the province of any of us to interfere in the lamentable plight of Persian internal affairs, although the interested rivals were constantly doing so. Later on, Mr. Shuster had a dramatic experience with Persian officialdom. In this respect his narrative, substantially just, is illuminating. Given the conditions confronting him, his mission was foredoomed to failure. Had he been more fully acquainted with them, he would probably have declined to undertake what to those on the ground was manifestly impossible, and the bitterness which

colors his account of dealings with the governing class is the natural result of the honest effort of an uncompromising temperament face to face with an enthroned corruption of long standing. But in his relations with the Legations of the two Great Powers it is evident that, intent as he very properly was on the reform of Persian finances, there were larger questions which, if they did not escape his vision, were at least disregarded. Sir Arthur Nicolson, who in 1885–88 was Chargé d'Affaires in Teheran, was doubtless quite as well aware as Mr. Shuster of the necessity for this reform. In the London Foreign Office, with an eye to the larger aspects of the European situation, he was still more concerned for the reform of the *Russian* finances and the rehabilitation of the Russian army. He labored continuously to these ends when Ambassador in St. Petersburg in 1905–10, and the crisis of 1914 amply justified his refusal to break with Russia over the relatively insignificant issue of an appointment in the Persian fiscal *gendarmerie.* There is nothing humiliating in a compromise which surrenders a principle, however intrinsically right, for another also right and to a larger perspective infinitely more important.

2

THE relations of the American Legation with the Persian Foreign Office were uniformly cordial, if only because of the trifling importance of the questions involved. One can hardly regard the securing of an indemnity of a few hundred tomans and the release from arrest of a naturalized Armenian as what Mr. Roosevelt calls a "great or unusual service," and it is mentioned solely as its sequel illustrates the difficulty of securing even elementary justice from a Government which Curzon aptly describes as "patriarchal in its simplicity of structure, Machiavellian in its finished ingenuity of wrongdoing."

The Armenian-American in question was one of those troublesome "citizens" who return to the land of their origin with the chip of American citizenship on the shoulder, without the slightest intention of fulfilling the obligations of citizenship in either the land of their birth or adoption. Arrested on the trumped-up charge of smuggling arms over the Turkish border, he was finally released at the request of the Legation and an indemnity of two hundred tomans was awarded him. This indemnity took the form of a draft,

not on the Imperial Treasury, but on the Governor of Azerbaijan — the province in which our "citizen" resided — and, by that process familiarly known as "passing the buck," was again passed on by the Governor to the official in charge of foreigners in that province. The latter, having apparently no inferior upon whom he could shift the burden, after a vain effort to compromise with the claimant for half the amount, when informed by the Legation that the payment in full must be made through a consular officer, varied the practice of his superiors by exacting the entire sum from a village utterly foreign to the whole transaction. Such are sometimes the deplorable results of maintaining the rights of nationals.

The American doctrine of expatriation, as embodied in the statute of 1868, declares that naturalization invests the individual with a *single* new allegiance and therefore absolves him from all the obligations and duties of the old. Governments which deny this contention hold that naturalization adds a new allegiance to the old; hence the naturalized citizen, in returning to his native country, may be held to all the obligations of his original citizenship. Under English practice the protection extended to nat-

uralized citizens is withdrawn when they return to the country of their origin.

Wherever the consent of the authorities is necessary for a change of allegiance, and especially in cases where military service has been avoided, the contention that our statutes prescribe the same protection for the naturalized as for the native-born is met by the reply, "We also have laws." In every case where the Legation had previous knowledge of the intended return of the native, above all when the visit was to be brief and the fact of permanent residence in the land of adoption was established, I met only with indulgence, but once arrested and entangled in the exchange of formal diplomatic notes the fly was generally eaten by the spider. The Armenian above referred to finally received the full award through the British Consul at Tabriz, whose good offices were always at our disposal, we having no consular representative on the spot. The latter afterwards informed me that our "citizen" had been for some time the regular recipient of substantial aid from benevolent persons in Scotland for the support of an orphanage, and that, as enquiry resulted in the discovery that the only "orphans" benefited were his relatives, this source of income had been stopped.

It requires but brief experience in the East to learn that the organized channels of benevolence are the only safe ones, and that all personal applicants for dole are to be regarded with suspicion.

3

LONGER residence in Persia might have reconciled me to the Oriental conception of the value of time. Two years were hardly sufficient. I once had occasion to complain of the abnormally dilatory methods of the Foreign Office. Delays of this sort are not unknown in other capitals, as the Mushir-ed-Douleh reminded me. "*Mais, mon ami,*" he countered,"*ces choses-là trainent dans les chancelleries d'Europe pendant des années.*"

Determined not to be ridden over indefinitely, and risking a step which would have been hazardous elsewhere, I informed His Excellency that the matter of unanswered notes would be referred to "my Government." It being intimated that a request to withdraw this undiplomatic language would follow, it was also intimated to His Excellency that the Legation would be happy to do so when a certain formal invitation from a friendly Government to attend the International

Exhibition of Atlanta had received a reply. It apparently mattered as little to him as to me that it was now the year 1897 and that the Exposition had closed in 1895, for a formal regret at the inability of His Majesty's Government to be represented at this defunct Exhibition was promptly forthcoming, and the exchange of official notes resumed a normal rate of flow.

Another example of the value of time in a timeless land:

As heavy luggage forwarded by caravan proceeds more leisurely than the rider in the saddle, it is necessary to forward it in advance, for unlike all things Persian that bugbear, the Caspian steamer, waits for no man. You therefore engage the *charvadars*, who are to start on a certain day at noon. Solemn promises of punctuality are given. Noon, one, two, three o'clock arrive, but no muleteers. Indignant, you send to the bazaar. They are all asleep! — for in Persia when one is tired one lies down. To the reproach, "Did you not promise to come at noon?" they look you calmly in the face and reply, "Is it noon?"

"We mistrust, and say, 'But Time escapes,
Live now or never!'
He says, 'What's Time! Leave Now to dogs and apes,
Man has Forever.'"

Once, at a dinner at the Turkish Embassy, the company was kept waiting a solid hour for the arrival of the Hakim-ul-Mulk, the Shah's physician. It is only fair to add that in this instance His Excellency had gone to bed, oblivious of all time whatever.

In issuing invitations it was always necessary to specify whether European or sun-time was intended, twelve o'clock by the latter being sunset, and noon announced by the firing of a cannon in the Maidan.

The Ambassador above referred to was a Turk of the old school, learned in Mohammedan law and very strict in its application, permitting the service of no wine in the Embassy unless guests were present. He often came to us informally, and was once surprised at luncheon to see the same dish appear for the second time. The dish was an exceptional one in Persia — New England griddle cakes — and on its third appearance he asked how many times he was supposed to succumb.

"Till the count is lost," said Madame.

He fell a willing victim for the third time, remarking, "I have lost the count already."

When leaving Persia that griddle had a well-established reputation and was in demand.

4

So far as the gentler sex is concerned, society in Teheran was dependent upon the ladies of the European colony. My only opportunity to pass judgment on Persian female beauty came during some twilight ride when we suddenly turned a village corner and surprised a group of women gathered about a well or fountain. The instant and desperate effort to screen the face at the expense of all the lower anatomy was proof that standards of modesty are largely geographical.

Madame's opportunities were naturally greater than mine. The Emin-ed-Douleh, Prime Minister during my first year in Persia, lived near the American Hospital and was the loyal friend of that institution, his family contributing the woman's pavilion after his death. In company with Mrs. Wishard, wife of the American surgeon in charge, Madame was received by the Minister's wife, and her account of her visit differs from current stories descriptive of the harem. She was ushered into a large room, furnished with chairs and divans in brocade, of European origin, but otherwise destitute of ornaments. A number of women dressed in costumes resembling that of a ballet dancer, short spread-

ing skirts and long white stockings, were seated on the floor. They were strangers from a distance with presents in boxes, also on the floor before them. The hostess presently entered, a dignified lady in a plain grey satin dress, her hair arranged smoothly about the face. After shaking hands with Madame, she received the gifts of her visitors, placing them calmly on the table beside her with a very disappointing absence of all curiosity as to the contents of their wrappings. An hour's conversation, broken by long intervals of silence, ensued, in which the immobile ladies on the floor took no part. The only attention paid them during the entire interview was the passing by the eunuch of the *kalian*, from which each in succession took a few puffs in silence.

Finally a tray of sweetmeats, against which warning had been given, appeared, followed by sherbet, tea, and last of all a bowl of strawberries. These were hulled by the hostess, a mark of respect, and then offered Madame by the eunuch. With the refreshments a daughter, also in European dress, wife of a son of the Shah, entered, seating herself, after presentation, on the sofa beside her mother. When the latter rose, formality disappeared. The compliment paid to Madame's dress was the signal waking the hitherto

dumb occupants of the floor. They touched, patted, and minutely examined the component parts of Madame's toilet, but respectfully, with none of that curiosity about undergarments usually ascribed to inmates of the harem. While thus differing entirely from a Fifth Avenue "at home," dignity and a quiet reserve characterized all the proceedings.

Ladies of the Court were attired in a caricature of the costume of the *corps de ballet*, a dress which had captivated the Shah's fancy when visiting Europe, and which, adopted by the Court, spread generally through the upper circles of society. Sir A. Houtum-Schindler, long a General of the Persian army, describes it in the Encyclopædia Britannica as "highly indecent." Never having been privileged to see it except in photographs, I refer the reader to his description.

As to costume in general, the streets of Teheran offer none of those brilliant color effects which dazzle the eye in India. Rich and poor alike wear the pleated frock coat of sombre hues, the absence of a collar producing a slovenly appearance, while the snowy turban of the Arab and the red fez of the Turk are replaced by the black lambskin *kolah* or the brown felt skull-cap

of the peasant. National costumes are generally picturesque and appropriate to the *milieu*, but there are two which excite the risibility of the spectator — the Greek *fustinella* and the eccentric garb of the *shatirs*, the royal runners of the Shah. One is inclined to ridicule the latter as an example of the freakish taste of a monarch who clothed the ladies of the *anderoon* in ballet dress, but it is in fact the exact counterpart of that worn by the *shatirs* of the kings of the Sefavi dynasty of 1499–1736. Large spreading skirts of the *fustinella* type, white stockings and green knee-breeches, scarlet coats, and, topping all, a tall hat whose crown resembles the feathers and crest of a cockatoo, make up this amazing combination.

CHAPTER III

I

I FIND in Dr. Wishard's very reliable and sympathetic "Twenty Years in Persia" the following:

"A few years ago, when Muzaffar-ed-Din Shah sent an embassy to Washington to announce the succession of his eldest son, the Prince, as the heir-apparent to the throne, the simple methods of our Government officials were severely criticised, and had it not been for the tactful handling of the question by the American Chargé in Teheran, the new American Minister, then on his way to Persia, would have had a cool reception. Notwithstanding that the American Government had made no arrangements for the entertainment of its guests, the Persians forgave all, and sent the usual host with an escort to the Caspian to meet the Minister and conduct him with all honor over the two hundred miles from the sea to the capital."

I happen to know something about this, being that American Minister, and the envoy referred to, who with the lapse of time had come to look leniently upon the episode, gave me laughingly a most amusing account of his experiences.

According to his story, no official met him on his arrival in New York. He landed and with his suite found his way to a hotel unattended. No carriage with black horses received him at Washington, and at the Arlington, then the Ritz of Washington, he was pigeon-holed in number so-and-so like any humble citizen of the Republic. After getting into communication with the State Department, which he reached with the assistance of an ebony driver, he was politely received by the then Secretary of State, Mr. Sherman. He dwelt with especial good-humor on Mr. Sherman's remark that, as the White House was "just across the way," they would "walk over," and on the fact that in the elevator Mr. Sherman excused himself a moment in order to return for some documents he wished to lay before the President — evidence that the visit of an Embassy from the Shah was not the only business of the moment. After a cordial but informal reception from Mr. McKinley and brief conversation germane to the occasion, the President excused himself, to take up the business of the important documents, "and I was left to get back to Persia the way I came." Fortunately, my friend the envoy was gifted with a large sense of humor, and, although originally sore and in-

dignant, enjoyed nothing better than the recital of his adventures.

All this is inexplicable to the Oriental, for whom there is no business more important than the ceremony attaching to rank. The dismay and astonishment created by one of my predecessors who, covered with the dust of his long ride in the saddle from the Caspian, arrived at the gates of Teheran unheralded and unattended, cannot be adequately pictured by the Western mind.

The East loves splendor and reckons worth by display, too much economy in either being fatal to the effective discharge of official duties. A Persian nobleman never walks abroad without his retinue of followers, ragged though they may be, and is preceded at night by a lantern whose size is strictly proportioned to his dignity. Official interviews are always accompanied by many cups of tea, sweetmeats, and, in a land where time is of no value, much irrelevant conversation. A Persian whom we had invited to dinner once called upon me to point out in a casual way that on a previous evening at one of the Legations he had not been given his proper place at table, "which," he added, "you no doubt observed."

I was constantly being reminded that prestige was not to be lightly thought of. I remember one

morning, when starting out for the Shimran hills with Mr. Tyler, I thoughtlessly placed my hand on his arm, inviting him to take his seat in the carriage as I might invite a guest so to do at home. Drawing instantly back to yield me precedence, he reminded me *sotto voce* of the depth of insignificance into which I would have sunk in the eyes of our escort if this act of instinctive politeness had been consummated. Nothing, indeed, was more amusing than this constant reminder of one's importance, and nothing more exasperating than to be compelled to stand by inactive and watch a servant bungling over something one could do so much better one's self. Fingers fairly itched to take the tool from the blundering hands.

The knowledge and experience of our Vice-Consul-General, Mr. Tyler, for twenty-odd years a resident, speaking and writing Persian with fluency, was invaluable. I made it my practice always to listen to seasoned advice, although there were times when it was followed with misgivings. One of these occurred shortly after my arrival, when we went to the stable to inspect the horse which the Shah invariably sends a Minister after the presentation of his credentials. Mr. Tyler was not given to many words, and after

looking the horse over remarked, "Send him back." I myself was not particularly impressed by the animal, a Turkoman, nor was I in the habit of looking a gift horse in the mouth, especially one from the "King of Kings, whose armies are as the stars," but, on being assured that His Majesty knew nothing of the transaction, and was being charged several hundred tomans by the Master of the Stables for an animal not worth fifty, back went the Turkoman, an Arab taking its place the next day. A bridle with silver bit and gold chain, and a saddle-cloth embroidered in blue and gold, accompanied the replacement. Needless to say, these accessories were for remembrance, not use.

One soon learns that where rank is concerned the Oriental has absolutely no respect for modesty. Failure to exact the consideration which he expects to render, to abate one jot or tittle of one's prerogatives, is evidence of a weakness of which advantage is quickly taken.

2

THE reigning Shah of 1897, Muzaffar-ed-Din, was a well-intentioned but weak Prince, wholly unequal to the reform of the Court Party whose corruption and extravagance led to the revolu-

tion of 1906. Moreover, although devoted like most of his race to the chase, his health was already undermined by the malady which caused his death. As the Zil-es-Sultan, Governor of Isfahan and eldest son of Nasr-ed-Din Shah, was not the issue of a royal wife, the Shah had used his prescriptive right to name his successor by designating the Zil-es-Sultan's younger half-brother. Educated at Tabriz in the distant province of Azerbaijan, of which he was nominally Governor, he had been kept aloof from the intrigues of the Court as well as ignorant of all affairs of State. He possessed a quiet, unassuming personality, and, while not in the least resembling Napoleon III, there was an expression of melancholy and lassitude in his impassive face which often reminded me of the French Emperor. Very characteristic as well as pathetic is the exclamation attributed to him when a bomb was thrown at his carriage in Paris, "Why me!"

Some years later, when in Switzerland, I found myself in the compartment of a railway carriage with the Persian Consul who had had charge of the Shah's train in its passage through that country, and I never saw any one so relieved over the discharge of a responsibility. The royal train, being a special one, had a special schedule,

which, owing to the complicated time-tables of the Continental system, it was necessary to maintain, but for which His Majesty had a supreme contempt. Timid, and unaccustomed to speed in his own land, he was continually sending for the Consul and giving orders to the engineer, who, after slowing up momentarily, made matters worse by subsequently making up for lost time. All efforts to divert royal attention from the objects gliding so rapidly by the window were vain, and the tunnels abounding in Switzerland were royal nightmares. "*J'étais au bout de mes forces*," said my companion, relapsing with a sigh of contentment into his corner. "*Enfin, Dieu merci, c'est fini.*"

3

THE Palace in the city, a cluster of gardens and buildings grouped about the old citadel of the Kazars, contained little of intrinsic interest and much that was ludicrous and commonplace. Its gardens challenged no comparison with the least of the royal parks or gardens of Europe. They were merely an area of shade and verdure rescued from the desert by water, as are all the gardens of the region. Whatever charm their pools of lily and iris, their rose hedges and running water

— flowing over blue enamelled tiles — might have possessed was marred by cast-iron animals and grotesque statues of lead bearing electric lights. Some of the gardens in the Shimran hills, notably that of the Naib-u-Sultana with its cascades of falling water, have a certain wild beauty. All the elements of beauty are found in nature, but man creates the charm of gardens. To charm Royalty has added grandeur and display.

But the primary charm of a Persian garden is the refuge it affords from the sun, which is certainly not the chief attraction of Versailles, La Granja, or Blenheim. After a hot and dusty ride from the city to the Legation garden in the village of Tajrich, to open a door in a high mud wall and step from the glare and shimmering heat of the plain into the cool refreshment of shade and running waters was a joy known only to the dweller in the desert.

You who live amid the abundance of water are apt to forget how dependent is all the beauty of your green world upon moisture. If trees line the Shimran road, it is because their roots are fed by the stream running beside it. Beyond is the baked, cracked earth above which the hot air trembles as over a chimney-top. Glancing up to

the bare slopes of the Elburz, the deep turquoise blue overhead, the illimitable plain stretching east, south, and west, it is difficult to realize that just over that northern sky-line are cool forests, the shadows of clouds and falling rain.

4

THE summer home of the Legation in Tajrich was the property of a Persian nobleman and had previously been leased to the French Legation. Like all residences of Persians of the better class, it consisted of two houses, the *beroon*, in which the owner receives his male friends, and the *anderoon*, reserved for the other sex. The former was a single room, with a pool and fountain in the centre which we protected by plants, on account of the tradition that a retiring visitor had once taken an involuntary bath in its waters. Surrounded on three sides by windows of colored glass, the general effect was not unpleasing.

The *beroon* was used mainly for receptions, the *anderoon* being our home. Its colonnade opened upon several pools at different levels; little channels of murmuring water ran by its doors and low windows, the forest of trees of its half-dozen acres affording abundant shade. But there was no sod, no lawn, no lying down *sub*

tegmine fagi—"in the shade of a wide-spreading beech." Nor can any grove of palm or luxuriance of tropical foliage compensate for the absence of turf.

Many of our diplomatic neighbors in the Shimran were installed in villages which had either been given by the Shah to their Governments or acquired by purchase. This was the case with the English at Gulahek, the Russians at Zirgendie, as also the Germans and Turks. The Shimran is a district in the outlying spurs of the Elburz Range, which at a distance of about twelve miles forms the background of the view from the city ramparts and furnishes the water supply of Teheran. In town we owed our drinking-water to our English friends. Brought by underground channel from the mountains, a channel passing under no village or cemetery, it saw no light of day till, safe from contamination, it reached the compound of the English Legation. For good measure it was subsequently boiled, filtered, and cooled in pitchers with outside pouches for ice, also a mistrusted commodity not permitted in contact with the contents.

The house of Dr. Wishard in Tajrich was one night invaded by thieves, who, finding the inmates awake, followed the injunction of a prov-

erb in the Talmud to the effect that "when the bull is on the street, go up on the roof *and pull the ladder after you*." Obeying this injunction, they were easily captured and the value of the stolen objects was collected by the Legation. Tajrich was a rather lonely spot, and Madame, accustomed to the sounds and police protection of Columbia Heights, never became thoroughly reconciled to the cry of the jackal or the presence of the ragged guards of the gate, ostensibly there for her peace of mind.

The ceiling of her bedroom was also disturbing. Its roof was the common flat covering of mud, a foot or two in thickness, laid on a wattling of small timbers, the abode of an immense colony of enormous spiders, whose habit was to descend unexpectedly on explorations of their own. We devoted one whole day to an excursion in the neighborhood, during which the servants walled in the entire colony by gluing cheesecloth over the ceiling, thus consigning intruders to the fate described by Poe in the "Cask of Amontillado."

5

PROBABLY every temporary resident in a strange land regrets to some extent the neglect of opportunity. Sudden transfer from Teheran to Athens

and the difficulties of travel in Persia account for our inertia. The monumental remains of its past, unlike those of Greece and Egypt, are comparatively inaccessible. Moreover, our knowledge of them is gathered from records rather than ruins, and these ruins still await research and exploration. The sole relics of former grandeur in the vicinity of Teheran are the desolate ruins of Rei, the modern word for Rhages, once the metropolis of Media, and the reputed scene of Tobias's interview with the angel Raphael. They adjoin the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim, where Nasr-ed-Din Shah was murdered, and were a favorite resort for picnics. We used to spread our luncheon on a ledge under a rock panel containing a sculptured representation of Fath Ali Shah (1798–1834), seated on a throne among his sons and vizirs, and just over the waters of the sacred Spring of Ali. Natives, while cultivating their gardens, still find fragments of pottery and bits of the *reflet métallique* so dear to collectors of porcelain. A brick tower, said to be the tomb of Tamerlane's grandson, a few crumbling walls, and immense mounds of rubbish, are all that remains of a city contemporary with Nineveh, whose decay was beginning eight hundred years ago, when the present capital

was a miserable suburb described as a nest of rebels living underground.

These excursions were invariably made in the saddle, owing to the fearful dust of the few roads in summer and the equally fearful mud of winter. For these reasons walking in the city was a doubtful pleasure, besides being an undignified proceeding unless accompanied by servants who converted a stroll into a formality, that is, a bore. In the twilight the lonely parapet was our refuge. Girdling the city and broken only by the picturesque gates of modern enamelled tile, it afforded a view of the snow-capped mountains which in the evening was entrancing. Long after the rays of the sinking sun faded from the neighboring crests, the great white cone of Demavend glowed like an opal in the sunset fires. This lingering mass of color, when all below had disappeared in grey shadows, detached as it were from all support, was a vision of marvellous beauty.

The greatest of all our resources, however, was the saddle. In the heat of summer, after luncheon one went to bed — literally. Heat, altitude, and rarity of air combined, were compelling. But after tea, in the cool of the late afternoon, the horses were saddled — with previous precautions. For stealing the grain and fodder of the day's

allowance, to sell it in the bazaar for a mere pittance, is common alike to coachman and stableboy. My introduction to this practice was a nasty fall, attributed at the time to a rolling stone. When, on resuming my gallop, my horse collapsed a second time within a few hundred yards, pitching me over his head, I remembered the warning of an English resident, who told me that either he, his wife, or the governess never failed to be present at the feeding hour. One cannot digest at once all the advice given to the newcomer, but it very soon became apparent that a horse, which on casual inspection seemed in good condition, might in reality be faint for the loss of a day or two's full quota of food.

Other than Rei, with its lonely Tower of Silence, the burial-place of the Parsee dead, the suburbs offered few attractions. The zoölogical gardens attempted by Nasr-ed-Din Shah had been neglected, and the numerous retreats of former shahs had shared the fate usually awaiting a royal residence in the East, successors preferring to build anew for their own amusement. The environs abounded in neglected and decaying "palaces" for which no Department of Historical Monuments cared.

6

Nor are the bazaars of Teheran a scene of much interest to the permanent resident. Their twenty miles of partly vaulted lanes are mostly filled with articles of European manufacture or present use, the cheaper product of the Western machine instead of the Eastern hand. Curios and antiquities gravitate to the bazaars of Cairo and Constantinople or to the shops of Paris, London, and New York, where buyers exist. Moreover, the merchant of Teheran has not learned the art of seduction practised by his brother of the Muski in Cairo. He will not even show you of his own accord his choicer possessions and rarely offers them in display. Sitting calmly on his mat, being surely there to sell as you are to buy, he entices you rather by his imperturbability than by coffee or soft words. If God wills, you will enter, and only after prolonged parleying will he bring forth the coveted thing you are in search of. Objects of real value or antiquity are more likely to be brought to your house, together with much rubbish of no value whatever. In opportunity, though not in price, the collector will fare better in the marts of the great capitals than in Teheran.

Inevitably one yields to the seduction of carpets and without becoming an expert learns to distinguish between the vegetable and aniline dyes. For this a moist white rag or handkerchief suffices, the appearance of the slightest tinge of color leading to rejection. Quality also depends upon the number of knots in the square inch. The famous carpet once in the mosque of Ardebil, and now in the South Kensington Museum, contains three hundred and eight hand-tied knots to the square inch, which means over thirty-two million for the whole carpet. Obviously a carpet should lie perfectly flat, but the novice is not always careful to see that its ends are of equal width. Creases due to these defects soon render a rug worthless. Carpets grown old by Persian use have not been tortured by the legs of chairs and sofas nor abused by boots and shoes. Why the foreigner should remove his clean hat and retain his muddy shoes on entering the house is a mystery to the Persian. Yet mere dirt does not seem to impair, and it is said that new rugs are often laid down in the streets of the Bazaar for the traffic to pass over for the purpose of acquiring a gloss — more probably to counterfeit age. The colors and the designs of many of the old rugs brought to the Legation for sale were

barely discernible for the dust and dirt covering them.

The Persian rug receives a treatment, as regards dirt, which would shock a New England housekeeper. For the Persian spreads his rug wherever he may happen to be, to rest, to eat, to say his evening prayer. The gloss which comes with age and use he attributes to his bare or stockinged feet.

The variety of colors obtained from leaves, indigo, and madder is no less astonishing than their harmonious blending in really old Persian rugs. It is rare to find one with those offensive combinations of both color and line seen in the gaudy French carpets, in dyes derived from the products of coal-tar distillation, which have had so regrettable an influence on the carpet industry of Iran.

Bargains come to the resident, but rarely to the traveller of passage. A woman brought to the Legation a Kerman purchased for twenty-two dollars. On the way home a rug-dealer in Athens offered fifty pounds for it, and it has since been valued at twice that sum. A small Turkoman, of a design I have never seen in Turkomans, made from the wool on the belly, which gives a very soft, silky effect, was bought for twelve

dollars. It has never been valued by competent authority, but the dealer in New York to whom it was sent for cleansing said a collector would give "any" price for it. Few words of three letters hide so comforting and inspiring a thought!

The lustre tiles of the twelfth and succeeding centuries, such as once encrusted the walls of the Blue Mosque in Tabriz, exquisite friezes picked out in turquoise blue on a cream-white ground, specimens of which may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, are said to exist still in some of the mosques, but the Persian mosque is forbidden to the infidel and can only be entered in disguise, and that at real peril. Mrs. Bishop, who in her Persian travel frequently assumed a native dress, on asking if she might not look into the sacred mosque of Fatima in Kum from the threshold of the court, received the reply, "Are you then weary of life?"

Externally, the mosques of Teheran are insignificant.

7

WHAT has been said of the gardens of the Palace applies equally to its several buildings. There is a great monotony of interior decoration, for, while designs in stucco and glass admit of an in-

finite variety in minor detail, the general effects are the same. There are no rooms, for example, which offer such contrasts as are afforded by the Giardini Room and the Hall of Ambassadors of the Palace in Madrid. Most imposing of all is the Throne Room, or Museum, where the Diplomatic Corps was sometimes received. Finely proportioned, with a vaulted ceiling of blue-and-white stucco and glass insets from which are suspended a number of superb rock-glass chandeliers, it makes an excellent impression and a striking photograph. Constructed by Nasr-ed-Din Shah on his return from his first journey, it contains much that is suggestive of the taste acquired on contact with a new world. My recollection of its contents is that of a confused medley of gifts from foreign rulers, purchases made in travel, such as piano-players, phonographs, and other articles of commonplace Western use, and a few objects of really intrinsic worth or historic interest. Evidently no idea of educational purpose or historical sequence presided over either the collection or arrangement of its contents. In their promiscuity they reminded me of the collections of my boyhood, which began with birds' eggs and progressed successively through postage stamps and minerals

to maize from an Egyptian tomb, water from the Jordan, and a stone from the top of Mount Sinai! The juxtaposition of a priceless rug and a chromo advertising Pears' soap is one of the incongruities lingering in memory.

One should note these absurdities with an equable mind. Something of that amused tolerance with which the Shah was regarded by the public during his transit through Europe colors the narratives of most recent travellers in Persia, who seem to be more sensitive to the incongruities resulting from the mingling of ancient forms and customs with the imported trappings of an alien civilization than appreciative of the serious aspects of Persian life and character. These anomalies, meeting the eye at every turn, are often as pathetic as they are grotesque, and call for indulgence rather than ridicule. Confronted suddenly with an art whose roots are in Greece and Rome, the Persian makes the same initial errors of discrimination which we ourselves make in appropriating an art whose origin is in China and India. The juxtaposition in the same case of Chinese carvings in ivory, of exquisite workmanship, and cheap toilet or table accessories in bone, provokes the same smile with which a cultivated Japanese, versed in the art of his native land,

contemplates the trash which loads the counters of Japanese shops in America.

The most conspicuous of the treasures in the Museum is the oft-described Peacock Throne. Travellers are generally content to repeat the current legend that it was brought from India after the sack of Delhi by that Turkoman soldier of fortune Nadir Shah — with appropriate and eloquent allusions to the Great Mogul who may be supposed to have reclined on its cushions — a legend effectively disposed of by Lord Curzon.

8

THE following story relating to this throne was told me by a son of Nasr-ed-Din Shah, a Prince who was an important personage in his father's lifetime, occupying among other posts that of Chief of Police. On the Shah's assassination, fearing to be suspected of ambitious designs, he retired from public office, shutting himself up in his Teheran house, where he remained secluded and comparatively neglected. Calling upon him one day in company with the Vice-Consul-General, I noticed on the clasps of his *kulijah* two superb diamonds. In one of those pauses of Persian conversation when in default of common

interests one racks the brain in search of a new point of departure, I expressed my admiration for them, and he asked if I would like to hear their history. Between sips of tea and the passage of the *kalian*, this in substance is what he told us.

"One morning, on going as usual to the Palace, I found my father in a towering rage. Gold and jewels had been stolen in the night from the Peacock Throne. Walking to and fro in great excitement, my father stopped as I entered.

"'You are the head of my police,' he said; 'find me then this thief.'

"'I will try, Sire.'

"'Try!' he exclaimed; 'find me *some one!*'

"For ten days my search was vain. Then I thought of the baker who that night brought the bread for the Palace guard. He was summoned, but denied everything. Luckily I observed that on his hand were scratches. He explained that they were caused by a struggle with a neighbor over the possession of a stick.

"'Liar!' I cried, 'thou art the man!' — and falling at my feet he confessed. Under the floor of his house I found all, and overjoyed I hastened to the Palace. On my way I met ——"

At this point he smiled significantly, mention-

ing a name I subsequently learned was that of an official high in favor at that time.

"He took me aside, saying, 'Where are you going?'

"'To my father. Everything is in this bag.'

"'Why do you do this?' he asked; 'your father did not ask for the gold, he asked for *some one.*'

"'No,' I answered, 'I will go to my father.' So I went in.

"'Your Majesty,' I said, 'the thief is found.' My father smiled.

"'No, no,' I exclaimed, knowing well what was passing in his mind, 'I have also the gold, the jewels. Behold! All is here.' Whereupon, astonished, my father took his coat from his shoulders and threw it about me. In its clasps were these two diamonds."

An amazing story not unworthy of the Arabian Nights!

He also expatiated on the wealth of precious stones existing in the Palace in his father's day — jars of pearls and uncut stones in fabulous number. Very little of this was in evidence in the nineties, but earlier travellers confirm his statement. Mrs. Bishop especially tells of accumulated splendors in pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds,

and sapphires, "all in a profusion not to be described and having no counterpart on earth."

Persians are exceedingly fond of jewels for intrinsic value and for purposes of display, but show little interest in what is of merely historic value. Cherished heirlooms, the inheritance of successive generations, which lend such dignity to English mansions and museums, have no counterpart in Persia, and in the dwindling of State resources and the increasing poverty of all but the rapacious few, splendor assumes more and more a pinchbeck character.

Besides the Peacock Throne the most celebrated of the Museum treasures is a globe, not very accurate as to geography, but resplendent in jewels, each country being represented by a different precious stone. This also was constructed by Nasr-ed-Din Shah at an alleged cost of £320,000 exclusive of the jewels, its total value being estimated at £947,000.

Far more interesting than this barbaric plaything is the alabaster throne in which the Shah is seated when on New Year's Day, March 21st, he is exhibited to his subjects. It is located in the Talar, a spacious chamber, open at one end to the court, from which it is screened by a heavy curtain hung between marble columns.

We witnessed from this room a review of the garrison which incidentally disclosed a cog in the machinery of justice as administered in Persia — His Majesty's executioners. Clad in scarlet, with the implements of their trade, they stood in the court just under the opening. They greatly interested Madame, whose indignation had been excited a few days previously when returning from a drive by the spectacle of a butcher suspended by the heels before his shop for extortion. Askar, indifferent to such a trifle, explained that in the preceding reign the offender would have lost his head as well as his footing, and that it was therefore evidence and proof of progress.

The scarlet gentlemen, however, roused misgivings.

Muzaffar-ed-Din Shah was undoubtedly a milder-mannered sovereign than his father, but exile and sudden death still walked hand in hand with greatness. Hands were still cut off for trivial offences, and the cruel mutilations inflicted by Darius upon the Median chieftains, recorded in his own words on the rock inscription of Behistun, were not uncommon. In his pride of progress, Askar made no mention of the butchers in Shiraz, whose tongues were cut out for the same indulgence in high prices.

At the review mentioned above, the Cossack Brigade, in long black caftans and astrachan caps, officered by Russians, made their usual smart appearance, but the alignment of other units was seriously interfered with by physical differences beyond the control of the drill sergeant. Their equipment, however, was in pleasing contrast to that presented when, not under the eye of His Majesty, they were loafing about the streets or bazaars, off duty. Theoretically the guard at the Legation Gate was always on duty, but when not asleep their time was spent in the Bazaar eking out in some mysterious way their meagre pay as money-changers! At the approach of winter, in default of any visible Quartermaster's Department, overcoats and shoes were furnished by the Minister and charged to backsheesh. Adjoining the Talar were the apartments devoted to the entertainment of guests at the royal levees, their modern furniture in plush and velvet bearing the traces of the rude methods of transportation to which it had been subjected.

9

THE most palatial of the private residences in Teheran was that of the Sadr Azam, or Grand Vizir, where a notable dinner was given on the

Shah's birthday. Its Sèvres and Dresden porcelain, gold service, and napery of damask, were all of the finest description. Both the walls and floors of the large reception-rooms were covered with magnificent old rugs, the central room opening on the illuminated gardens. Among all this splendor I noticed that evening an impressionist landscape hung upside down. It really mattered little. As hung, one saw a green foreground and a background of trees against an azure sky. Reversed, one saw equally well the artist's foreground of blue water and a background of sloping meadow without horizon.

A native chorus and orchestra was a feature of the evening, in addition to the Cossack band in the gardens. There is something fascinating in the non-harmonic music of the East. The next note is never the one you expect. Its emotional fervor, the sincerity of its quavering minor wail, its intensity of feeling, gradually gain upon you, and, whatever else one may say of it, it is certainly in harmony with the environment. No modern instruments could fitly replace the tom-tom or the wooden spoons of the zither when the group of turbaned figures gather about the fire on the lower deck of the dahabeeyah, and the melancholy, monotonous chant of the singer at

sunset on the rock in the lonely plain about Teheran is an integral part of the *mise-en-scène*. In the Europeanized salon of the Sadr Azam it had the curious effect of an exotic. Not so for the Persians present. Madame called my attention to their rapt silence and absorption. Was she thinking of musicales at home?

Standing on the upper terrace of the broad steps leading down to the great pool whose surface was aglow with the reflected fires of the fireworks, ordered from Japan for the occasion, it was difficult to conceive of a scene of more fairy-like beauty. But as I looked there came to mind another dinner, given by this same Sadr Azam two years before, as now, on his master's birthday. Few of the guests of that fateful evening knew that their host, outwardly smiling and undisturbed, was in disgrace, and that the horses which were to bear him to Kum in exile were already saddled in the stables.

10

THE Sadr Azam and the Emin-ed-Douleh were the two Prime Ministers of my acquaintance. The latter was one of the ablest Persians with whom I came into contact. He was also one of the best educated and, I think, the most upright

and sincerely patriotic. The Nasr-ul-Mulk, who later became Regent, an Oxford graduate and classmate of Sir Edward Grey, was more widely informed, but none understood Persia better, were more genuinely interested in its development, or so free from undue personal ambition. The Sadr Azam also thoroughly understood his Persia, and had thereby amassed a large fortune. More socially inclined, speaking French fairly well, a tactful and gracious personality, he was unquestionably the cleverer of the two and more acceptable to the Court Party. Twice Prime Minister, and recalled from exile for a third time in 1907, he was shot by an assassin on the steps of the Medjlis in September of the same year — a protest against his reactionary policy which raised his suicide-murderer to the dignity of a national hero. Both in his life and death he illustrated the vicissitudes attending the career of a Persian magnate. Of humble origin, he had gone into exile in November, 1896, when Prime Minister and known as Emin-es-Sultan, and had been succeeded by Emin-ed-Douleh, who was Prime Minister on my arrival in April, 1897. The Emin-ed-Douleh fell in June, 1898, and the Emin-es-Sultan was recalled from Kum and raised to the dignity of Sadr Azam.

He was still in power when I left in April, 1899, and honored Madame with a breakfast on our departure. Once again driven into exile, he travelled extensively in both continents and made the pilgrimage to Mecca. I met him for the last time in 1905, a guest of Sir Arthur Nicolson in Madrid, shortly before his last term of office and tragic death.

Titles such as those above mentioned, common among all Persian officials, not being hereditary, give rise to much confusion, the Mushir-ed-Douleh of to-day, for example, being quite a different person from the Mushir-ed-Douleh of to-morrow. This confusion of identity is further increased by the general absence of family names in a polygamous country, and by the frequent assumption of prefixes of all sorts adopted after pilgrimages to the sacred cities or shrines of Islam.

It is quite within the limits of truth to say that to the energy of the Sadr Azam, Muzaffar-ed-Din owed his throne and the country escape from civil war. He was with his master when the latter was assassinated by a fanatic disguised as a woman in the Mosque of Shah Abdul-Azim. While this act proved later to be that of an irresponsible person, it might well have paralyzed the arm and brain of a less resolute courtier;

for the Zil-es-Sultan, Governor of Isfahan, though ostensibly reconciled to his younger half-brother, had long been a threatening figure on the political horizon. He commanded a moderately large and well-equipped army in the South and had many loyal partisans. Cool and prompt in action, the Sadr Azam supported the wounded monarch in his carriage, and, feigning conversation with one who was in reality dying, succeeded in concealing his condition from the populace till, after reaching the Palace, he had telegraphed to Tabriz for the Crown Prince and posted troops in the Bazaar and public squares. The situation well in hand, the death of the Shah was then announced, a loan secured for the payment, always in arrears, of the army, and he himself proclaimed Regent. The Shah met his death on May Day. Had he lived seven days longer, he would have completed the fiftieth (lunar) year of his reign. Great preparations had been made for the celebration of this event, and I have a letter from his brother, the Naib-u-Sultana, inviting the Legation to a dinner to be given on May 8th in honor of the occasion. It bears no date, but must have been written on one of the last days of April — for a dinner that never took place.

II

Our missionary friends in Teheran were an exceptionally fine body of men and women. It is a pleasure to quote from Lady Durand's "An Autumn Tour in Western Persia" this sympathetic tribute:

"In Teheran the American missionaries and the American hospital occupy the field, and nobly they do their work. At that place, the capital of Persia, where we have a large Legation and something like a hundred British subjects, we are entirely dependent upon the American Presbyterian Mission. With the broad-minded, tolerant common sense which seems to characterize American missionaries all the world over, the Presbyterian ministers in Teheran gave the community an English Church service every Sunday, and to them we are indebted for all religious offices. They christen our children, and marry our young men and maidens, and comfort our sick, and read the burial service over our dead, and lay them to rest in the desolate cemetery out on the stony plain. Six years ago, when England and America were or seemed to be on the brink of war on account of Venezuela, we used to meet every Sunday morning in the Amer-

ican mission chapel, and there Americans and Englishmen knelt side by side and prayed for the most gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria and the President of the United States. We were all together at Teheran, all the English-speaking people, and I shall never forget as long as I live the kindness we met with from our American friends."

The adoption of the service of the Church of England was a natural thing to do under the circumstances, but not all who wear the cloth are equally tactful. A minister once called on my father in Mount Desert to ask if he would be one of five to pay off a mortgage on his church. He came across Frenchman's Bay from the mainland, and my father said he would sail over the following Sunday, which happened to be Communion Sunday, "and take communion with you."

"Ah, but" — came the somewhat embarrassed reply — "you see, Mr. Hardy, we are close-communion Baptists."

My father could not see why, if he was good enough to help out on the mortgage, he was not good enough to sit at the table of our common Lord.

His visitor next called on the late Mr. Kenedey, of New York, well known for his benevo-

lence. His first question was, "Have you seen Mr. Hardy?"

"Yes, but I was disappointed. I did not know he was so narrow-minded!"

The religious activities of the American Mission in Teheran were confined to the Armenians, who, belonging to the old Nestorian Church, were already nominally Christians. As further evidence of tact, no proselyting work was attempted among the Moslems, who nevertheless shared with the Armenians the incalculable benefits of the Mission Hospital and School. Under the auspices of Dr. Wishard, the Legation gave a reception at the Hospital, to which the Sadr Azam and other Government officials were invited, and with the very generous assistance of Lady Hardinge and others a play and concert was given for the Hospital's benefit. It was so successful that the entertainment was repeated in the Palace by command of His Majesty, who contributed nine hundred tomans, approximately fifteen hundred dollars, to the fund.

The tides of Christianity have beaten for centuries on the shores of the Moslem world with hardly a perceptible result. The present doctrinal forms of Christianity have become so characteristically Western that it has failed to

take root in its primitive home. To realize, on the other hand, the enormous value of such an institution as the American Hospital in Teheran, one who has not seen on the spot the practical results has only to read the chapter on "Medical Missions" in Dr. Wishard's "Twenty Years in Persia."

CHAPTER IV

I

THE Mushir-ed-Douleh, Minister for Foreign Affairs, was a typical modernized Persian. In Constantinople, where the large Persian colony contributes materially to the pocket of the Ambassador, he had garnered the usual harvest, and in his other diplomatic posts abroad he had acquired a superficial veneer of European manners and culture in marked contrast to the grave and dignified bearing of the Persian of the old school. Fond of a joke, with a large fund of reminiscences on which he delighted to draw, he was a charming table companion, quite indifferent to certain precepts of the Koran.

Once, when Madame was calling on the ladies of his *anderoon*, I saw an Armenian merchant from the Bazaar, laden with silks and velvets, coming out of the door I was not privileged to pass.

"So mere man," I said to His Excellency, "sometimes crosses this threshold."

"Bah!" was the half-laughing, half-scornful reply, "an Armenian is not a man."

My personal experience with Armenians did

THE MUSHIR-ED-DOULEH
Persian Minister for Foreign Affairs

not inspire any great admiration, but inferences drawn from random contacts with a subject people in a land where they are despised, not only for their religion, but also as a cowardly and womanish race, may well be misleading.

Captain Brinkley, of the "Japan Mail," once said to me in Tokyo: "Ask me no questions about Japan. I have lived here too long, and my eyes, like yours who have lived here not at all, are out of focus." If the traveller's eyes have not got *in* and the resident's have got *out* of focus, there would seem to be no time when just opinions can be formed. Yet there is enough truth in the above to make one modest in drawing conclusions from a brief and personal experience. My Armenian *nasir* was certainly a profiteer of the worst kind, ever ready to take advantage of one's good-nature. When moving into the Shimran, I found him, his family, his sheep, and all that was his installed in the basement of the *beroon*, and the *shais* always tucked on to the *krans* of his accounts were a standing impertinence.

Essentially an Oriental, dispersed like the Jew, and living under a Government sympathizing neither with his religious beliefs nor his national aspirations, the wonder is that the Armenian has

preserved either the one or the other so tenaciously. His Armenia is only a geographical expression, and he lacks one of the main factors in the development of a national life — a literature of his own. The literature of the monk and the translator abounds, but the epic and the romantic is absent. From all I could gather from residents in the Kurdish districts of the west, and from observation of the Armenians in Teheran, their chief ambition was the modest and pathetic desire for safety of life and property, escape from official rapacity, rather than for political autonomy or even administrative reform. The right to enjoy the material satisfactions of everyday life was the first and pressing necessity.

Many of the Armenians of Teheran occupied positions of trust and authority, but to me the Parsee was a far more attractive character. There was a sturdy honesty about him which inspired confidence, and in truthfulness he was admittedly superior to both his Persian and Armenian neighbors.

When planning for the children's Christmas, we scoured the vicinity for a suitable Christmas tree, finding one at last in a garden whose owner was absent. The Parsee gardener was deaf to all our blandishments.

"But certainly," I argued, "for such a purpose your master would consent to sell one tree. Among so many, surely it would not be missed."

"Am I a Persian dog that I should do this thing!" he replied.

May that maiden who, in the words of the Zend Avesta, "beautiful and shining, with brilliant face, fairer than earthly maidens," on the third night comes in the south wind to meet the soul of the pure man and is his own good thoughts, words, and works, greet this humble caretaker!

It is safe to say that a few *krans* would have sufficed for a Persian guardian.

In Teheran the Parsee enjoyed an immunity from persecution not shared by his fellows in the southern cities of Yezd and Kerman, where until within recent years he was subjected to a variety of vexatious restrictions and petty extortions, such as the prohibition to build a house of more than one story, to ride in the public streets, to frequent the public baths, or make use of spectacles or umbrellas. The edicts of Nasr-ed-Din Shah relieved him from many of these prohibitions, but with few exceptions he has failed to attain either the wealth or the standing of his

race in India — eloquent testimony to the beneficence of British rule.

2

One of the last functions attended in Teheran was a dinner given by the Zehir-ed-Douleh, Minister of Ceremonies. It is remembered chiefly for an incident which occurred at table. All the guests were Persians with the exception of an English student of Oriental literature and myself. During the conversation the former quoted a line from Saadi. The quotation was immediately taken up by the host and then in turn by each of his Persian guests. When the round of the table had been completed, the entire poem had been recited. A like experiment would hardly meet with the same success in Western society.

Intensely bigoted as is the Persian Shiah — as compared with his Sunni co-religionist of Turkey, who opens his mosque to the infidel — he is far more familiar with the mystic poetry and literature of the past. He is also intensely fond of speculative discussion. This is above all true of the cultivated classes, yet also of the huckster in the bazaar and the idler in the teahouse, for whom the mysteries of life which we relegate to the schoolmen are an absorbing theme of every-

day conversation. This desire for discussion and eagerness to probe the reasons for your own beliefs bear witness to the Aryan passion for speculation, remarkable in the sect of a religion whose theology is so intolerant. It is to be remembered, however, that there is a vast difference between the North and the South Persian. As the Ionian Greek despised his ruder neighbor of Dorian blood, so the clever, volatile dweller in the South, of Aryan stock, despises his sullen Northern neighbor of Turkish origin. Professor Browne, in his "Year Among the Persians," relates this anecdote told him in Kerman:

The ass complained to God, asking, "Why hast Thou created me, seeing Thou hast already created the Turk?" To which answer was made, "Verily, We have created thee in order that the excellence of thine understanding might be apparent."

The struggle between the Zend dynasty and the Kajar tribes. which resulted under Aga Mohammed in the foundation of the present Kajar supremacy, and, under Fath Ali Shah, his successor, in its consolidation, is symbolized in the Lion and the Sun of the national emblem. Professor Browne further points out that the pompous official announcements of the Kajar

usurper — "whose greatness is that of Jemshid, whose splendor equals that of Darius," etc. — implying the Shah is a descendant of Cyrus, are ethnological absurdities, "as unreasonable as if one should describe our own Prince of Wales as a descendant of King Arthur. . . . The whole history of Persia, from the legendary wars . . . down to the present day, is the story of the struggle between the Turkish races whose primitive home is in the region east of the Caspian Sea and north of Khurásán, on the one hand, and the Southern Persians, of almost pure Aryan race, on the other. . . . That no love is lost between the two races any one will admit who has taken the trouble to find out what a Southern peasant thinks of the Northern Court or how the Kajars regard the cradle of Persia's ancient greatness."

The Kajar dynasty has done nothing for the development of the country's resources or the betterment of the masses. Its entire record is one of extortion and oppression and its reward is the hearty execration of its subjects. Its founders possessed those qualities which win thrones by the sword and capture the imagination. Fath Ali Shah asks the English Ambassador how his master could think himself a king when he was subject to the mandates of a parliament. Nasr-

ed-Din Shah, the last lion of the line, promptly puts to death a Minister foolish enough to entertain seriously a project of national reform certain to interfere with the royal civil list. And then rapid degeneration — Muzaffar-ed-Din Shah, amiable, irresolute, incompetent; Mohammed Ali, a stupidly obstinate reactionary; and lastly an immature boy in the swaddling clothes of a regency.

The view commonly held before 1914, that in the absence of any claimant to the throne with serious pretensions a change of dynasty was not to be thought of, that the Kajar was doomed and the fate of the country lay in the hands of England and Russia, was shared by every foreign observer on the spot as well as by most Persians for whom pride in a remote past was a sorry substitute for a hopeless future. Hopeless, indeed, it seemed. A land of desert and of arid mountains, without roads or navigable rivers, whose rainfall hardly sufficed to maintain one tenth of its area under cultivation; its scanty resources wasted by centuries of fierce struggles for the throne; administrative greed and corruption completing the ravages of internecine war and the successive invasions of Arab, Afghan, Turk, and Tartar; its ten million inhabitants a blend of

many stocks without homogeneity or patriotism in the sense of a national consciousness, notwithstanding the predominance of the Iranian element, and, though concentrated in oases, essentially nomadic, that is, enemies of law and lovers of plunder; every provincial Government a law unto itself, and over all a central Government at enmity with its subjects who in its theory and practice existed only for the purposes of extortion. With the exception of the so-called University in Teheran and the school of the Presbyterian mission to which many Persian noblemen preferred to send their children, nowhere from the Caspian to the Gulf was a school of any grade to be found furnishing modern educational advantages. A paper published in 1876 in French was suppressed by Nasr-ed-Din Shah after one issue. The first daily appeared in 1898. During the brief and intermittent constitutional régime of 1906–11 a few others made their appearance, but, owing to their very limited circulation and in many cases short existence, without any great moulding or enlightening influence upon the masses. Viewing these conditions every new arrival on the scene was quick to prophesy immediate disaster, until reminded that so every traveller had predicted for the last hundred years or more.

The Western mind realizes with difficulty the comparative indifference of the Oriental to political liberty, his amazing apathy under misrule, his willingness to submit to the tyrant in whom he associates authority and protection as these are associated in the father by the child. To-day, in the chaos and unrest following the World War, the ultimate fate of Persia, like that of some regions nearer home, is beyond all prophecy.

3

Over the now familiar trail to Enzeli we left Teheran one sunny morning on leave of absence. At Kharzan a solitary Englishman, his bathtub strapped behind him, passed us exciting no envy. Outside the bar at Enzeli the paddle-wheels, no more impatient than we, were beginning to turn as we climbed the rope ladder to the deck. To Askar, grim in his emotion, I threw my pistol as his boat fell behind, and said my last *inshallah.*

Abrupt and joyful was the transition from the brown sheets of Persian bread to the white wheaten rolls, sweet butter, fresh grey caviar, and vodka of the *zakuska.* Baku of evil memory was now the stepping-stone to civilization, and the restrictions to smoking on the oil tank steamer on which we took passage from Batum

were endured without a murmur. The customs authorities at Baku professed not to have received from St. Petersburg the usual notice of our intended transit through Russian territory — a last cry for backsheesh — and a tedious acquaintance with the local hierarchy from subaltern to chief nearly cost us our railway connections. More generosity and less insistence on one's prerogatives would have been more politic.

At Constantinople a cable informed us of our transfer to Athens, and Persia became a memory.

CHAPTER V

I

With the lapse of time memories of Persia brighten. One remembers the nightingales in the gardens of Tajrich and forgets the scorpion that installed itself like a robber crab in your slipper.

I once asked an English "Tommy" on the citadel of Cairo if he was anxious to get back to England.

"We live in the 'opes, Sir," he said.

We, too, lived in the 'opes, even when that nightingale was singing.

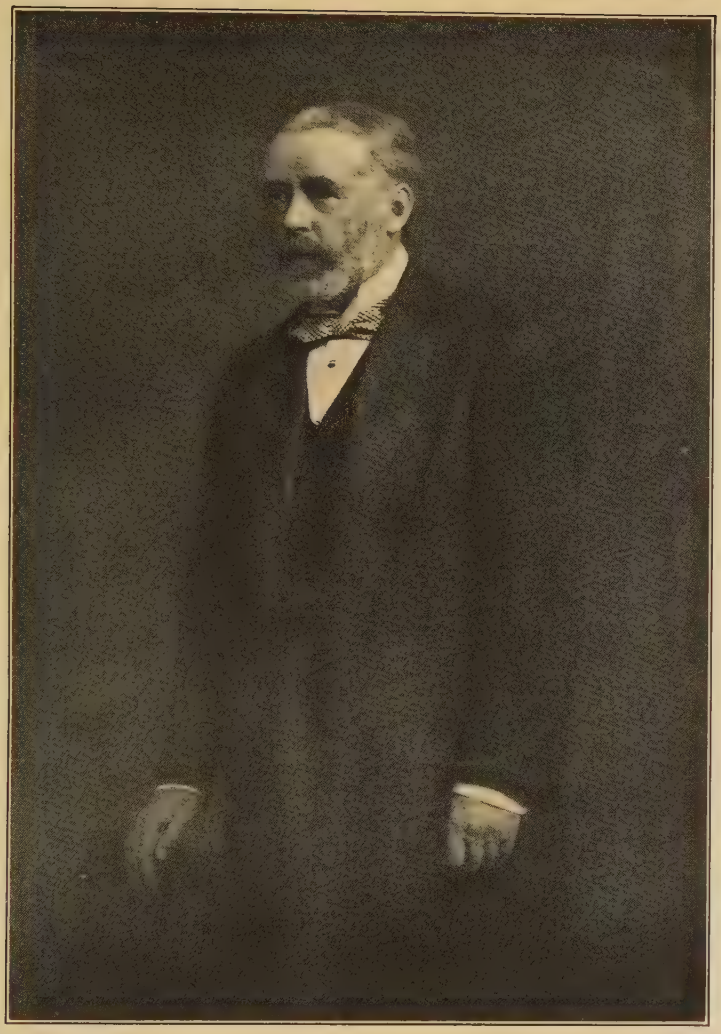
I have frequently heard Madame say, when asked if she enjoyed life in Persia, "Immensely, but I did not want to die there."

Presumably one does not want to die anywhere and there was no particular reason for anticipating death in Persia. But there is a latitude in choice, and I think that mournful cemetery out on the treeless stony plain may have had something to do with her saving clause. Its feeble attempt to clothe itself in flowers and greenery was so pitiful. One could not say of it what Shelley said of the grave of Keats, that it might

almost make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place. Those desert graves of Teheran recall another burial-place which, like them, left a scar on memory — a sand key where garrison victims of the yellow fever were denied repose by the gnawing currents of the Gulf Stream. I cannot say the Dry Tortugas was wholly responsible for my abandonment of the army. One other controlling factor may be surmised from the fact that, at a class dinner at Delmonico's twenty-five years after graduation, I sat beside a classmate at West Point, whose place-card bore the legend, "But Yet a First Lieutenant."

Our "'opes" had been raised by rumors of the transfer of Mr. Rockhill from Greece to China, and there were also personal reasons conspiring to make the change welcome; for Professor Richardson, who married Madame's sister, was Director of the American School of Classical Studies, and Athens meant the renewal of other friendships formed in earlier days. It was also to mean the beginning of new ones. Chiefest among these new friends stands Sir Edwin Egerton.

Men do not "love" each other — often. They like, respect, trust, hate, but they do not *love* one another. If they do, they do not say so. But when I think of Sir Edwin, now dead, the tears



SIR EDWIN EGERTON

are near. He was so lovable. His heart was so big. It took you in, faults and all.

He was a man of strong likes and dislikes, strong character and infinite common sense. Four men, a merchant, judge, minister, and college president, while driving over from Bar Harbor to Somes's Sound on Mount Desert, failing to agree on a definition of common sense, proposed leaving it to old Captain Somes, whose famous fish dinner was their objective. He defined it as "hitting it right the first time." Sir Edwin met this homely definition. Expressing himself with difficulty, never oracular or argumentative, his was that unerring instinct which, disdainful of reasons and unembarrassed by details, goes straight to the heart of the subject in hand. What Lord Frederic Hamilton says of Mr. W. H. Smith applied to Sir Edwin—"this plain-faced man, who could hardly string two words together," yet to whom men in doubt were invariably advised to go, "and take Smith's advice about it."

There were two men in Athens for whose judgment King George of Greece entertained profound respect and whom he did not hesitate to consult, the late Mr. Bouchier, so long the brilliant correspondent of the London "Times" in

the Balkans, and Sir Edwin. Wise the latter was, and yet so human. He had that touch of human weakness, those minor human imperfections which attract and endear. We admire perfection and instinctively resent it. Angels are repellent. When amusing children teasing for a story, I always fall back on two stories, one of a bear and one of an angel. They invariably choose the bear. Needless to say there is no angel story in my repertoire.

I can apply to Sir Edwin that lesser sense of the word *adorable* which in another sense we also apply to the Godhead. Mere perfection renders no one lovable. It has no charm. The face we love defies the canons.

Sir Edwin was a little near-sighted — just enough to permit his caddy to hurry forward after each stroke and reset his ball in good position without being seen. His innocence was that of a child. His conversation was fearfully syncopated. He never finished a sentence or a topic, leaving both in midair. Shall I ever forget my first painful hour alone with him over coffee after dinner! I thought him the most unintelligible person who ever presumed to intelligence, a verdict I am sure he also pronounced on me. But one got to know what he did not say. He

did or he did not see you on the street, and when he did not, you were sure to hear his voice after passing him, saying, "Oh — er — come in and dine with me to-night," and after you thought the invitation complete and had resumed your way, "and bring your wife" came floating over his shoulder. I cannot vouch for the story, but it was whispered in Athens that in this fashion he once invited the Crown Prince Constantine and the Crown Princess to dinner.

I met him first when a traveller in Athens. He was then a bachelor, and Her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary inspired a certain awe. I was told he never waited for a guest, which was true. Except for the King, dinner at the British Legation waited for no man. I parted with him eighteen years later with a sob in my throat. In the interval we were colleagues in Athens and Madrid, and with Lady Egerton he had visited us at Rolle in Switzerland, and we him in Rome, where he was Ambassador. In the sequel the clouds enwrapped him, an only son dying on the battle-field of France, and he, grief-stricken, following soon. In his last letter to me, replying to one of sympathy, he says: "John's death after a happy life — I think he always did his duty — has not

saddened us as you would have supposed. His life, though only short, was a happy one — he did the right thing and well."

How often have I heard members of his staff say, "Dear old Egerton" — with a smile for his eccentricities. But the "dear" was always there.

2

Sir Edwin had a small house on the island of Ægina where it was a delight to be a guest. He was an indefatigable walker and thought nothing of the three hours to the temple of Athena or the longer climb to the summit of Oros with its magnificent view of the Saronic Gulf, the coast of Attica, Corinth, and Epidauros. He and Lady Egerton frequently "picnicked," as they termed it, in Ægina, where informality reigned. There were also numerous short excursions of a day from Athens which had no counterpart in Persia — to Daphne, Pentelicon, Eleusis, and Sunion — to say nothing of longer jaunts to the Peloponnesus, the islands, and central Greece.

One of those fine phrases — I have forgotten whose — which memory hoards for reasons of its own, received its death-blow at Sunion. The author was describing the return of a Greek ship, and as I read I felt the thrill of the home-coming

sailor when, on rounding the Sunion promontory, his eye first caught the flash of the sun on the helmet of the Phidian Athena. Thrusting its bold front seaward and crowned by the sanctuary of the sea-god, Sunion may well tempt the coiner of fine phrases, but many a baffling wind and current was to be overcome before that Athenian sailor got his first glimpse of the Acropolis. I tested that phrase again on the voyage from Constantinople to Athens and was forced reluctantly to lay it away among other dead children of the imagination.

In this connection mention may be made of that superbly illustrated volume, Wordsworth's "Greece," which illustrates also what the heated imagination of the artist is capable of and the debt the world owes to photography in bringing the realities of distant lands to the stay-at-home. It was published in the forties with "upwards of three hundred and fifty engravings on wood and twenty-five on steel"; and was one of the books I carried with me in my wanderings, for amusement, as others were carried for information. In hardly a single instance could the scene before the eyes be recognized from the exaggerated but beautiful drawing of the book. One expects to see a lurid flash of lightning above the frowning

cliff overshadowing the Stygian pool, and the moon half-hidden behind the towers of Chillon, but a glance at the sky-line of the Gulf of Salamis as depicted in "Wordsworth" will rob the beholder who knows his Greece of all faith in artistry. As Goethe says, Art is art because it is not nature.

Aside from Sir Edwin, those of our Athenian colleagues met most frequently in after life were Burián, the Austrian Minister, and Avarna, the Italian. They, the Belgian, and myself formed the whist club meeting weekly at each other's houses. It was the tragic irony of fate that in 1915 it should fall to the lot of Duke Avarna, then Ambassador to Austria, to hand to his old friend Count Burián, Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Italy's declaration of war. We saw them both many times in Vienna when Burián was Governor of Bosnia and Herzegovina, or Minister of Finance, the last time in 1913 when war, already determined and long prepared for, was only awaiting the signal.

That summer of 1913 we motored up the lovely valley of the Meuse through Dinant. Twelve short months, and the little town strung so picturesquely along the river was in ruins. It was during that summer, too, that I had an

COUNT BURIÁN

interesting conversation with an Austrian statesman, later prominent in world affairs, which gave me a distinct vision of the impending future.

Our talk turned upon the difficulties which beset Austrian hegemony. He dwelt particularly on the intrigues of the Serbians, intrigues which from his point of view were growing bolder, more menacing, and which he declared must be stopped. To my suggestion that the Balkan question required delicate handling, he replied it was not the velvet glove which was required, but the iron hand.

"Do you mean force, war?" I asked.

"If necessary."

"But in that event do you expect Russia will be as complacent as she was when, weakened by her struggle with Japan, she saw you tear up the Treaty of Berlin and take over Bosnia and Herzegovina?"

"No, possibly not; *but we shall not be alone.*"

On the surface there was nothing surprising in this statement. The Triple Alliance was no secret, but this enunciation of what it really meant was brutally startling. Count Aerenthal had died the year before, in 1912, and his works lived after him. He it was who had alienated Russia by the annexation of Bosnia and Herze-

govina and who had delivered over Austria bound hand and foot to Berlin. Judging from the newspapers of the day, neither among Austrian statesmen to whom all this was well known nor the Austrian people at large was there the slightest realization of the tremendous significance of Aerenthal's policy. To-day, when the connection between that policy and the catastrophe of 1914 is so clear, one can only wonder at the blindness of the Ballplatz. Dazzled by the promise of supremacy in Balkan affairs and confident of the military prowess of Prussia, itself blind and leading the blind, it dragged down the last of the Hapsburgs and his light-hearted, pleasure-loving people to death and ruin.

Very likely such frankness of language as that above quoted was possible only with an American, for these were the happy pre-war days before America counted in European affairs, before the Macedonian cry for help came over the water; when we, too, in our innocence and ignorance applied to Europe the words Mr. Vanderbilt is said to have applied to the public. I recall a remark made to me by Take Jonescu, the Roumanian statesman who was Prime Minister when Roumania declared war on the Central Powers. After some complimentary allusions to

our representatives abroad, he added, "But it is astonishing how little they know of what is going on in the chancelleries of Europe."

Happy days, indeed, those of Athens! I have often been impressed by the melancholy tribute paid them by my Athenian colleagues, as among the happiest of their lives. At the time Athens was only a spring-board, *pour mieux sauter*, a stepping-stone to something better. Diplomats notoriously deprecate the present post. There is always in the future a rainbow at whose foot is the pot of gold. Athens was dull, out of the way, a detached fragment of Europe, without opera or theatre. But, looking backward, its uneventful years take on a halo of peace, of care-free tranquillity. It possessed the charm of a small capital where every one knew everybody, of that closer social contact not possible in the larger, more strenuous life of the Paris or London to which ambition was looking forward. From time to time a tourist horde inundated us for a few days like a tidal wave. But that was a passing exception, not without its compensating sidelights into human nature. There was, for example, the solitary female who had strayed from the flock, wandering, guide-book in hand, on Amalia Street under the Acropolis, and ask-

ing if there was "anything in particular up there on that hill"; also the English youth with the vividly morbid imagination who declared the "hill" looked "like a decayed tooth" — one of those phrases of Gargantuan verisimilitude impossible to eject from memory. But the steady influx from abroad consisted of the cultured few, attracted by the past of Greece, its monuments and schools of archæology. Happy days, indeed! In spite of the dust, the meagre water supply — days not to come again in our lifetime — if ever.

For every traveller there are certain scenes, figures, impressions, of human interest, not found in guide-books, which, like the random sketches of the artist, go into his mental portfolio. One such is the picture of this solitary female wondering over the "worth while" of the Acropolis. Did she brave the rocky ascent in the pursuit of knowledge? — or is she haunted to-day by the ghost of a neglected opportunity, something missed in the quest of adventure? Were it not better to have left the red manual at home, for the joy of personal discovery, the surprises of hazard, life's spontaneous revelations?

3

In marked distinction from Persia, Greece offered innumerable opportunities for excursions to places comparatively easy of access and of great historic interest. But aside from these, the need was felt for something which would take us out of town into the fresh air and afford a daily exercise. This led a few of the English and American lovers of sport to start a movement for golf. Probably no golfing enthusiast ever encountered greater difficulties. The only ground available for a course was the rocky plain on the road to Kephisia known as the "artillery plain." One can imagine the dismay of the frequenter of St. Andrews or Hoylake on viewing our Athenian links — a hard-baked surface, practically level, covered with loose stones and pebbles. Any attempt to remove one resulted in unearthing two. Bunkers were impossible and our "greens" provoked Homeric laughter. A number of irregular ledges projecting a few inches above the surface were deadly obstacles to rolling balls. But we persevered. We got our exercise and our fresh air, and an immense amount of fun.

The fun was contributed by the players.

The mere question of organization involved

perplexities. The younger members of the Royal family wished to play and problems of etiquette arose. Under the guidance of a lady wise in worldly affairs these were solved by abandoning the original idea of a club for a sort of private enterprise. We played golf precisely as we dined at each other's houses, by invitation, and if any heart-burnings existed they were not in evidence. Golf had not penetrated Hellas, and Greek society took no interest in it beyond a languid curiosity. Its attitude is illustrated by the remark of one who once visited the links as a spectator: "Quel jeu magnifique pour flirter!" The sight of players starting out in twos was suggestive. Other echoes from the links reveal the gulf which separated the Anglo-Saxon from the rest of the world. My partner in golf was usually my partner in life, a fact which struck the Queen as peculiar.

"Do you always play with your wife?" she once asked.

She not infrequently watched the game, but on only one occasion did I see a club in her hand — a lorgnette in the other.

Except for us Anglo-Saxons the social rather than the sport spirit prevailed. I remember once asking the wife of a Russian Secretary and her Austrian partner, who were discussing a pro-

spective dinner and a past dance in the intervals of their languid game, if they would permit us to pass them. The permission was graciously given, with the comment, heard in passing, "Quels gens sérieux!" We were, alas, intent on the game.

There was, too, the misplaced applause of another Secretary. Directly in front of the tee ran one of those wretched little ledges. I drove badly a very low ball which rebounded vertically from the ledge to a dizzy height, landing barely ten feet away.

"Quel coup magnifique!" he exclaimed.

As a pyrotechnic display it *was* dazzling.

Of the chiefs of mission Sir Edwin was the most devoted. He usually played alone, solely concerned for exercise, the concern of his caddy always to provide him a good "lie." I am sure Sir Edwin would have made a good feller of trees. The Roumanian Minister was also a devotee. His enthusiasm made him a trying partner, for after every stroke he started on a run as if his ball was an escaping criminal. Avarna, also bent on exercise, invariably played in a silk top-hat, and on chilly days in the correct overcoat of society. Neither the Austrian nor the German took the slightest interest in such frivolity, and in this connection may be mentioned a fact told me by

my classmate at West Point, General Tillman. He was for many years on the Academic Staff of the Military Academy and, during the war, its Superintendent. In both capacities he had frequently to entertain distinguished military visitors from abroad. The professional German never took the slightest interest in any sports which happened to be going on at the time of his visit. In the studies and military exercises he was keenly interested, but a game with Yale excited scorn.

On the other hand, after a review of the Corps in honor of General Radiguet of the French Army, there happened to be a match game of football. Would he like to see it?

"Delighted! My son is an enthusiastic player."

This was during the war, and the contrast between the trenches and the spick-and-span pomp of a West Point parade evidently impressed him; for after the review he said to me, "It is a long time since I have seen such beautiful uniforms."

Our boys had not then left their dead thousands in the Argonne.

The Princes played golf quite regularly, and the then Crown Prince Constantine won one of the prizes distributed at the Legation by the Crown Princess. The little Greek caddies were

an outspoken lot of youngsters who soon "got on to the game." One of Prince Nicholas's followers, who felt obliged to applaud a poor stroke, brought a scornful "That's nothing!" from the caddy, to the great amusement of the Prince.

When all is said, Athenian golf was an Olympian success. To be sure, our only club-house was a solitary pine tree, on which we hung our coats, but Hymettus and Pentelicon looked down upon us, and if ancient victors of the Greek Stadia take any interest in modern games we doubtless afforded them vast amusement.

4

THE official dress adopted by our Government for its representatives abroad sometimes led to diverting experiences. It is unfortunately the livery prescribed for waiters, as also the usual evening dress of society. It possesses, however, the dignity of authority; like the flag, it is authorized. So accoutred, even in broad daylight, one was always *en règle*, and often more comfortable than one's colleagues. One also achieved a conspicuousness no profusion of gold lace could confer.

Conformity to instructions always seemed to me preferable to the adoption either of something

devised by one's tailor or, if one happened to have been on the staff of some State Governor, of a military uniform; for the former provokes embarrassing inquiries and the latter excites the smile of the professional soldier. Yet such departures from the regulations were not uncommon and were excused doubtless by the parable related in the Gospel of Saint Matthew:

"And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?"

Now as to dress in general there is no unpleasantness so unpleasant as that due to a conspicuously inappropriate garment, but in this case the diplomatic culprit has a ready answer. "O King, I am arrayed as prescribed by one whom you address as Great and Good Friend."

This prescription, however, was often the source of embarrassment. We came up one evening from the Piræus after a reception and ball on the flagship of the Russian squadron. A niece had claimed the very last dance, so we were late in reaching the grille separating us from the train provided for the Royal party and the Diplomatic Corps. Cerberus at the gate

doubted our right of entry, but happily our predicament was seen by the King from his car window. Later, he said to me laughingly, "Hereafter, attach yourself to the most heavily embroidered coat and say: This gentleman goes in with Me."

Sometimes, too, when separated from one's carriage, or that ever sure but not always present help in time of trouble, one's footman, it was difficult to impress upon guardians of reserved enclosures one's right to one's proper place at a *Te Deum* or other ceremony. But, unlike the guest of Scripture, we were never "bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness." It was only necessary to wait patiently till long residence had established identity. The American Vice-Consul in Athens, a Greek, told me that once, at a Court function, a bystander asked him who that man was in a black coat. When informed, "Ah," said his interlocutor, "that's the great country." The logic of the reply, like that of the Irishman who reasoned irrationally, is not very clear, but for once at least the black coat received its due.

It was in Greece that we began to encounter those perplexities growing out of the ambition of one's nationals to bask in the sun of Royalty.

Every year a ball was given at the Palace for which invitations were issued to all who had been presented at Court. This rule was not adhered to very rigidly, and members of the American Institute of Classical Studies had no difficulty in securing invitations through the Legation — being presented at the ball itself. A request for such from a married student went through the usual channels. The prescribed formalities were complied with, Madame had called with the wife on the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, and the husband had left his card on the *Maréchal de la Cour*, when, the day before the ball, came a very polite letter thanking me for any trouble taken and expressing great regret at the inability to attend, inasmuch — as the writer stated the case — he was informed his wife would be expected to wear a décolleté gown, which was against his principles!

This ball, by the way, took place on Sunday, and a very charming American girl who was visiting my sister-in-law endured all the agonies of the Puritan conscience before succumbing to the wiles of Satan. Whether she carried out her intention of not dancing before midnight is one of those delicate questions over which the Angel of Indulgence draws the veil of silence.

5

THE Royal Palace in Athens was a plain box-like structure of limestone and Pentelic marble with a vast number of staring windows, its only adornment a portico of ten Ionic columns facing Constitution Square. Its interior arrangements did little credit to its German architect, an excessive amount of floor space being wasted in courtyards and corridors, promptly utilized by the young Princes for bicycle exercise. The private rooms were such as might be seen in any gentleman's home, and the State apartments contained literally nothing of interest or importance. Of the latter only the ballroom can be described as in any way impressive.

My most vivid memory of that ballroom is associated with the opening quadrille of a Court ball at which the then Crown Princess did me the honor of selecting me as her partner. It is not customary to decline honors of this kind, but I begged Her Royal Highness to remember that the Greek quadrille was a complicated invention unknown to barbarians, and that, in complete ignorance of its intricacies, I should inevitably cover her with confusion. It immediately became evident that the sister of the Kaiser had a

will of her own and much more confidence in me than I had in myself. Thanks to her tact and some laughing assistance at critical moments from the King, nothing happened, but that quadrille sometimes comes to mind when guardians of subway trains voice the caution, "Watch your step!"

There was something very winning in the unassuming but dignified personality of King George. In fact the entire Court, in its friendliness and simplicity, was as free from chilling formalities as it is possible for a Court to be and remain a Court at all. For obvious reasons the relaxation of etiquette was more marked in its relations with the British and American Legations, where its younger members were frequent guests and where impromptu charades were acted, games were played, and the Virginia reel was danced. I remember in particular one game of "follow the leader" at the British Legation when the leader, having reached the end of "stunts" he thought permissible, hesitated and paused.

"Go on, go on!" cried the Crown Princess, immediately behind him.

Down he went on hands and knees, crawling under the large table before him, and down went

KING GEORGE OF GREECE

the Princess, following hard after, train and all. In those early days, at least, she was not disinclined to adventure.

There was another game, played one evening in the new palace of the Crown Prince, which created great amusement. Bending over till the forehead rested on a cane, after circling three times around it in this position one endeavored to walk the length of the room without swerving. The Grand Duke George, who married the Princess Marie, landed in a dizzy condition in Madame's lap. Meeting him some years later in Vienna, I reminded him that he was the only person who, to my knowledge, had had that privilege, except myself.

At the time of which I am speaking, the King, unattended, was a familiar figure in the streets of Athens, and one day stopped to speak to the two young children of my sister-in-law. The boy had frequently ridden his bicycle with the younger Princes in the gardens and corridors of the Palace, and at once recognized the King. At a certain point of the conversation the little sister of five suddenly realized that she was in the presence of the King, and spreading out her hands at full length began a most elaborate series of curtsies. When, on relating their adventure, the

boy reached his sister's never-ending salaams, he was asked, "What did the King say?"

"He said, 'Ha, Ha, Ha!'" was the reply.

It is impossible for me to dismiss this little girl with so brief a mention, for I fell in love with her when she first played "keeping house" with the foot-scraper at my door in America. On her departure for Athens we began a correspondence maintained to this day, treasured on my part for other reasons than its initial lapses from the ordinary rules of spelling. Transplanted to Greece at an age when languages are acquired without effort, she later dedicated to me a series of original stories in Greek, German, and French, illustrated in color and adorned by the same wonderful spelling, and still later was the little flower-girl at my wedding. We strolled together one day up the rocky slopes of Lykabettos on whose summit is a shrine of which it is said that, if one places a lighted candle on the altar and wishes, the wish will be realized. I invested a few lepta in a candle for my companion who, when asked what she had wished for, replied:

"I did n't wish for anything — I just wished."

O wise little head! With its blanket wish, so all-embracing, yet so modest!

On her own wedding day, in response to the

question of the celebrant I gave her away, but added mentally the saving clause of my boyhood, "over the left!"

6

With what grotesque trappings of woe do we affront the majesty of Death! The common Greek custom of exposing the body in funeral processions always shocked me. It was as if, the tenant having fled, the privacy of his late dwelling was no longer respected. This exposure to the public of what must have been dear to some one would be inexplicable did we not know from what ancient practices it has descended. There are those who by reason of deeds done in the flesh have become in a sense the property of the State, and must suffer even in Death the penalty of greatness, but for most of us death, like birth, is a personal and private experience beyond general concern.

On the death of Schliemann, Madame Schliemann received for three days in the ballroom of the house. The room was draped in black, and each visitor, after tendering a few words of sympathy, was waved to one of the chairs ranged along the walls, retiring after an interval of silence to make way for a newcomer. Grief

which manifests itself in ceremony and ostentation loses something in reverence. To criticise the manner in which a people honors its dead is to tread on sacred ground, and I forbear from mentioning certain peculiar customs coming under my observation which seemed unnatural and forced in their formality; on the other hand, the dead child, robed in white with bridal veil and orange blossoms, was a touching sight of real spiritual significance.

The breaks in the continuity of ownership have done away with the family burial-ground so common in the early history of New England. Nevertheless, as compared with the promiscuity and monotony of the ordinary cemetery, it has always appealed to me. Once, when hunting in the woods of Vermont, turning homeward as the evening shadows gathered, I stumbled on a cluster of graves, evidently the private burial-place of an abandoned home. On one of the leaning stones were these lines:

> "For whom is death a sweet repose?
> For him who his Redeemer knows;
> For hence he forth to glory goes!"

The last triumphant line rang out like the clarion tones of a trumpet. For many this deserted spot, invaded by brambles, would cause

distress and sadness. But if I had my choice, as out of deference to others one rarely does, I should choose the silence and seclusion of nature where these dead were sleeping. No invading brambles could dispossess holiness from such a place.

Nature gave to the child-man sleep and death — to the Greek, divine gifts. It was reserved for the Christianity of the Middle Ages to transform the smiling figure of the Greek *Génie Funèbre* into the skeleton:

> But when the gods with gifts had smiled
> Upon him, going each his way,
> Came Nature last of all, who brought
> A chalice marvellously wrought,
> And kissed him softly, saying, "Child,
> So many gifts thou hast to-day
> That mine should seem of little worth
> To thee the heir of all the earth;
> Yet shalt thou think of me, and I
> Alone of all who at thy birth
> Brought offerings, shall hear thy cry."

7

One is not surprised to meet a Joshua or an Alexander in modern society, but for some reason it was rather startling to be introduced to Agamemnon in evening clothes, and when a little fellow of six was told by the fond mother to "tell the gentleman your name," the lisping accents

of E-pam-i-non-das sounded strangely formidable. The greatest shock of all, however, was to find your caddy was Achilles. Dr. Schliemann would admit no servant to his household who was unwilling to assume the name of one of Homer's heroes. American parents who christen their children Theodore or Philip are not actuated by the pride of race or ancestry, or by any such enthusiasm for archæology as led Schliemann to decorate the walls of his beautiful Athenian house with quotations from the Iliad or the Odyssey; but to a very large degree all Greece, as well as Greek mothers, live in the past and in the hope of the future, the dead past of Marathon and Salamis and the dream of a restored Byzantine Empire.

I had many conversations with Mr. Demetrios Bikelas, whose contributions to the French and English reviews on this subject are well known. A distinguished Greek scholar and patriot, he labored constantly to enforce the distinction between Hellenism and a Greek revival of the Eastern Empire. In speech and writing he repeatedly declared that the setting up of a Greek Empire in Constantinople was no part of the national policy — a dream he held to be beyond the range of practical politics. The

northern boundary which he desired for Greece — a line drawn from the Adriatic north of Corfu to the Ægean Sea so as to include Saloniki, the peninsula of Chalcidice and Greek Macedonia, southern extension to be limited by the acquisition of Crete — has practically been realized. As to the large Greek population outside of the kingdom, while he advocated going to their assistance in a case of dire distress, he emphatically repudiated further territorial ambitions and rejected the idea of the gathering together of all the Greeks beyond the above boundaries into a single State as a definition of Hellenism. In his own words, quoted from a lecture delivered in 1885 in French at the Cercle Saint-Simon: "During the classical period of Greek History, the Greek people (setting aside their Western colonies, which have now disappeared) occupied exactly the same territories as they still do at the present time. They did not form a single State any more than they do now, but they did and do form a single whole which is called *Hellenism.* And Hellenism can again be all that it has been" — that is, the vitalizing element in the communities where the Greek population predominates or abounds.

It is foreign to the purpose of this personal

narrative to discuss the complicated situation growing out of the World War, but in contrast to these sane and moderate views of Bikelas may be cited the comment of an Athens newspaper of May, 1918, on the Thanksgiving service in the Metropolitan Church for the miraculous cure of King Constantine by the wonder-working picture of the Panagia of Tenos: "When the reverend orator, incomparable in the force of his logic and the brilliance of his rhetoric, had affirmed in thundering words that King Constantine was not destined to be dethroned, but to be crowned with the imperial diadem in Constantinople . . ." etc. It would be unfair to set the delirium of a newspaper correspondent against a people capable of the heroic struggle with Turkish misrule and oppression, yet the instability and inconstancy of Greek public opinion throughout the Constantine–Venizelos conflict is an impressive revelation of one side of Greek character — a character equal to great sacrifice and sustained effort and at the same time volatile and excitable almost beyond comprehension.

Not to be forgotten, on the other hand, was the hearty hospitality of the Greek peasant. Between us and the Persian peasant class, race, religion, and caste raised insurmountable bar-

riers. Fellowship was as impossible as between dwellers in a three- and four-dimensioned space, whereas in rural Greece we got as near the brotherhood of man as one gets in this world. At the terminus of the railway the pay-as-you-enter system was left behind; such as was had was given freely, and poor as food and lodging might be the welcome was royal. In Persia the lowly home was sedulously avoided. One knocked at the door of the khan — provided with proper credentials. When my brother-in-law, the Director of the American School of Classical Studies, was about to start on his first tour in the interior, he thought it prudent to leave his gold watch at home and take a cheap one-dollar substitute. He said that on his return that gold watch looked at him reproachfully; he had everywhere met with such hospitality, such persistent refusal to accept any adequate return for food and shelter. I am not speaking of Athenian shop-keepers — all the world over shop-keepers are the same — but of that cultivator of the land who forms the backbone of every country.

I subsequently made a tour through the Peloponnesus in the saddle with the Director and confirmed his experience. The number of house-

holds encountered having relatives in America was amazing. Such questions as "Do you know my brother Stamati in Chicago?" overwhelmed us. Alas, no, we knew him not, but we could answer other questions, see that envelopes were properly addressed, and play to some extent the part of intermediary between the mother at home and the son far away.

Professor Richardson, who was directing the excavations at Corinth, contributed greatly both to my enjoyment and appreciation of the archæological remains of ancient Greece. To erudition he brought an almost boyish enthusiasm which was irresistibly contagious. Returning once from Salamis, he declared he had sat in the very seat whence Xerxes had witnessed the defeat of the Persian fleet. On being asked how he could be sure that among all the possible points of view he had occupied the very seat of Xerxes, he replied convincingly, "Because I sat in all of them."

In paying my tribute to the Greek peasant I exclude one member of his family — his dog, which is neither the craven pariah of the East nor the well-bred companion of the West, but a ferocious brute, faithful to the flock he guards, and a deadly peril to the innocent pedestrian caught unprovided with the ammonia gun. We

once barely escaped the fate of Actæon, and agreed with Pausanias that that hero might well have been the victim of his own dogs without any interference on the part of the jealous Diana.

8

Of the monuments of Greece, of that "hill" where we spent so many hours while the sinking sun touched with purple lights the bare slopes of Hymettus and poured its chalice of color on the sea, nothing remains unwritten, no learned word that the learned have not long since uttered. Only the personal impressions are left, and of these the most vivid is not the first, nor the second, but the last, when, after a winter amid the overwhelming proportions of Denderah, Abydos, and Luxor, we sat again and for the last time on the steps of what seemed in comparison a jewel from a casket, the little Niké temple, to realize anew the exquisite taste, refinement, and loving attention to detail of the Greek builder. How he attained so near to perfection does not at such a moment matter. There are moods when one is content with results apart from processes.

But emotions pass, and the restless enquiring mind reverts insistently as in all other things to the *how* and the *why*.

In contemplating some great architectural composition is not the layman apt to be engrossed by the superficial, the decorative elements, to the exclusion of the underlying structural principles which are the key to intelligent appreciation? Just as in estimating human beauty we are apt to be attracted by the obvious, the desirable but nevertheless the superficial factors — the texture and bloom of the skin, the color of the eyes and hair, the delicate curves about the mouth, etc. — to the exclusion of the primal source of all human physical beauty, the skeleton. To be sure, fashion and climate have left us little or nothing to observe except the face and hands, yet as regards the latter we recognize at once that it is the relative length of the bones and the finesse of the articulations which are the fundamental prerequisites of its beauty, because enabling it to execute with promptness, precision, and efficiency the orders of the will. And if we go back of climate and fashion to the naked Greek statue, to the Venus of Melos or the Discobolos, we see in the pose of the one as in the sinuous curves of the other to what an extent the skeleton is the underlying source of their beauty.

All the great architectural styles are but fresh combinations of structural and decorative

elements in previous use. The latter may, indeed, be characteristic of a style, though having little or nothing to do with its origin or development, are in fact generally imposed and limited by structural considerations — the real controlling factors in both its origin and evolution. Writers on Architecture are either so concerned with the philosophical treatment of the art as the product and flower of an epoch and civilization, or so erudite and technical, that the reader, like the observer, bewildered by the wealth and variety of detail, misses the thread of structural continuity presiding over the growth, for example, of a Chartres or Notre Dame from the basilican churches of the early Christian builders. It requires no knowledge of stereotomy to understand how we owe the splendid windows of the Gothic cathedrals to the intersection of the stone barrel vaults of these early churches, which, replacing the flat stone roofs so frequently destroyed by fire, led to the concentration of weights at isolated points and thus to the final suppression of walls. Nor is any special technical knowledge necessary to see why the final solution of the problem of placing a dome on a square instead of on a circular wall has made Sancta Sophia, not the Pantheon, the parent

type of all subsequent domes. And it certainly is illuminating to follow the column from its Greek use as a supporting member, through its relegation to a purely decorative rôle by the Roman introduction of the arch and pier, to its restoration by the Romanesque builder to its original function. All this is elementary, and may be found in the books, but what one among the humble fraternity of laymen has missed, is the story of single purpose and simple language, depicting the rôle of structural invention and combination in the evolution of styles.

9

On account of its geographical position, Greece is more easily reached by sea than by rail. In 1900 it was the only way possible, and even for those who dread the water is still preferable to the long detour via Belgrade. In fact, Greeks always spoke of "going to Europe," as if Greece were an island. Like the Gulf of Lyons, the Adriatic on occasion can be very unfriendly, but in ordinary weather the voyage from Brindisi to Patras is a delightful one, affording striking views of the mountains on the mainland from the Strait of Corfu, and the journey by rail from Patras to Athens, skirting the Corinthian and

Saronic Gulfs, is full of interest. Corinth, Olympia, Argos, and Mycenæ are some of the points of major attraction within reach by railroad, and in this respect Greece is far better off than Persia with its one six-mile toy line from Teheran to Shah Abdul Azim; still, travel in Greece off the beaten paths much resembled travel in Persia, and in one respect was more difficult. For in Persia one could always get a good horse. The Bakhtieri horses of pure Arab stock are beautiful as well as hardy animals, and the Turkoman, although not generally handsome, and inclined to be raw-boned, has great endurance and speed. The Greek has none of the pride or love which the Persian lavishes on his horse, and it seems incredible that an animal on which one depends for one's daily bread should be so abused and maltreated as were the cab horses in Athens.

Driving up from the steamer at the Piræus to Athens was generally one long and unavailing effort to prevent the driver from racing with a rival *confrère*. This scarcity of good horses and the short distances of Athens accounted for the absence of Legation turnouts, every one being content to use the public conveyances.

In Persia many were inconvenienced by the altitude, especially in the Shimran hills. Other-

wise the climate of Athens, in the predominance of sunny days, the excessive midsummer heat, and sharp difference of temperature between sun and shade, much resembled that of Teheran. In the middle of the summer day, business and pleasure were suspended, the streets deserted and blinds closed. It was the season when the King fled to Paris and Aix, the Queen to Russia, and we, being accredited also to Serbia and Roumania, to Belgrade and the Carpathians via the sea and Saloniki.

Though nothing may really happen, one is constantly reminded in the East of the relative insecurity of travel. During an evening stroll in the hills behind Therapia with an English Secretary, we turned back because of his remark that it was not "particularly safe" to go farther; and in Saloniki, where Madame was enjoying a drive with the wife of the American Consul in the suburbs, and suggested going on to an attractive-looking headland on the shore line, a like remark reminded her that she was still some distance from Brooklyn Heights.

And this recalls an incident of our approach to Kasvin. Two fierce-looking horsemen with rifles slung from their saddles had very courteously been despatched by the Governor to greet us

some six or seven miles from the city. We had just crossed the Kazan Pass and I had very imprudently adverted to the fact that we were in the vicinity of the stronghold of that famous Old Man of the Mountains, Saba Hassan, whose followers, known in legend as the "Assassins," interfered so forcibly with peaceful travellers. An immense amount of excited colloquy with our servants was necessary before the question whether we were to be robbed or honored was settled, and then, as usual, our threatened tragedy ended in comedy.

CHAPTER VI

I

WHATEVER may be the present practice of the Department of State, in my day the death of a Princess or the celebration of a Royal birthday was passed over in official silence. It was embarrassing, when telegrams of condolence or felicitation were pouring in from the Foreign Offices of colleagues, to maintain an isolated and apparently indifferent taciturnity. Silence was no longer golden, nor was the expression of a merely personal feeling, conveyed by the inscription of one's name in the visitor's book of the Palace, quite sufficient. It was therefore my practice to feign an official outburst of sorrow or joy appropriate to the event and to fabricate messages unknown to the cable. Thus, Mr. Roosevelt, while indulging in one of those famous walks in the wilds of suburban Washington, was ignorant of the message concocted by his representative tendering his chief's condolences on the occasion of the death of the King of Spain's eldest sister, Maria de las Mercedes. Having had an audience with the Infanta a few days prior to her very sudden death, this vicarious

expression of sympathy may be pardoned. Generally this venial indiscretion remained undetected, but once, caught *in flagrante delictu*, the first step in deceit led to another. "Why is it," asked the Mushir-ed-Douleh, Persian Minister for Foreign Affairs, "why is it that your Legation transmits a paraphrase of the telegram of congratulation"—as I remember, the Shah had just celebrated a birthday—"whereas other Ministers send us the original message?" Why, indeed! May the Recording Angel blot out my answer!

These indiscretions were for the most part of trivial import, and, as I subsequently learned from Mr. Hay, had the tacit approval of the Department. The only occasion on which I hesitated was on that of the announcement of the ill-fated marriage of King Alexander of Serbia with Madame Draga Mashin. It created great excitement in diplomatic circles, the attitude of home Governments becoming at once the subject of grave discussion. No one dared, without instructions, to address the usual congratulations to the infatuated monarch. I was at that time in Roumania, and, having just enjoyed the hospitality of the King in Belgrade, and being further convinced that his choice of a bride was a

matter of small concern to Washington, I started for the telegraph office in Bucharest with a discreetly worded message that compromised no one but myself. On the way I was taken seriously but politely to task by the dean of the Diplomatic Corps for daring to commit my Government even indirectly on so important an issue, but to the amazement of official caution persisted in the exercise of what seemed only a common though unauthorized courtesy. I had arrived in Belgrade on June 18, 1900. The official announcement of the intended marriage appeared in July after I had left for Bucharest. During my two weeks' stay in Belgrade I became aware of some of those things "going on in the chancelleries of Europe" to which my Roumanian friend, before mentioned, referred as not generally known to American diplomats. Madame Draga was already established in the capital as the acknowledged mistress of the King. The little city was a ferment of irresponsible gossip and rumor. The past, ambitions, and indiscretions of Draga were on every tongue, while the infatuation of the King was openly ascribed to degeneracy. A few brief and formal interviews in this atmosphere do not justify a sober estimate of Alexander's character, but the facts already established and

the impression made by the man himself certainly did not inspire respect. Draga's relations with the King were an open secret, and members of the Diplomatic Corps attended the weekly receptions at her house near the Old Palace. She was not present at the dinner tendered us by the King, and, as it was not intimated that I was expected to call upon her, I did not intrude where neither official etiquette required nor personal inclination impelled. At the dinner above mentioned, when we occupied seats on either side of His Majesty, it was apparent that his gayety was affected, that he was laboring under a suppressed excitement. The crisis through which he was passing enhanced the impression he made of a man obsessed by a fixed determination and at the same time conscious that he was about to take a step involving grave consequences.

A very brief review of the causes leading up to the tragedy of 1903 will explain the perturbation produced in diplomatic circles by the announcement of the King's intentions. While the appearance of Draga on the scene was the final contributing cause of this tragedy, its first origins are to be found in the long struggle between the Obrenovich and Karageorgevich dynasties and the rival policies of Russia and Austria in Balkan affairs.

In 1804 the Serbs rose against Turkey under the leadership of Kara-George, who, in 1813, fled to Russia. One of his officers, Milosh Obrenovich, refusing to abandon the field, finally secured Serbian autonomy and his recognition by Turkey as Prince of Serbia. In the treaty of Adrianople this autonomy was also recognized by Russia, and Serbia was placed under the protectorate of the Tzar. Prince Milosh thus became the founder of the Obrenovich dynasty, the hereditary rights of his family being acknowledged by the Porte. His efforts to render Serbia independent of Russian influence forced him into exile (1839), and his elder son, Obrenovich II, who lived but a short time, was succeeded by his younger brother, Prince Michael, as Obrenovich III. He in turn was driven into exile (1842), and Alexander, son of Kara-George, was elected Prince. Alexander's Austrophil policy, resented both by Russia and his own people, led to his dethronement (1858) by the very Assembly he had convoked and the recall of the Obrenovich Prince Milosh. Thus reinstated, the Obrenovich dynasty continued in power after the death of Milosh, his son Michael, exiled in 1842, resuming for the second time the throne. Prince Michael's successes in diplomacy and in the field

were the cause of his murder (1858). His position was a difficult one. His Suzerain was the Sultan, but his Protector was the Tzar. While it was the policy of Russia to free Serbia from the yoke of Turkey, she desired to maintain her own supremacy in Serbian affairs, especially to the exclusion of Austria, and the growth under Prince Michael of an independent national spirit was distasteful to her. To what extent she was privy to Michael's murder is not clear. The conspirators were Karageorgevich partisans, alarmed by the project of the childless Prince to marry and thereby confirm the Obrenovich succession. It was their hope to install Alexander, or his son Peter, on the throne, but they failed to overthrow the Government, and Milan, the son of Michael, succeeded his father as Obrenovich IV. Milan married (1874) Mademoiselle Nathalie Kechko, of the old Bessarabian nobility, and Alexander was born in 1876. The sordid and scandalous quarrel between Milan and Nathalie is mentioned only because of its unfortunate influence on the disposition of the young Prince. Milan had voluntarily abdicated in 1889, and during Alexander's minority the Government was in the hands of regents who did all in their power to alienate Alexander from his mother, whom they finally drove from the

kingdom. The Prince was not long in showing that impatience under control and disregard for constitutional methods which characterized his reign. When only seventeen, at the close of a dinner to which he had invited the Regents and his Cabinet, he declared himself of age, thanked the Regents and his Ministers for their services, and, holding his guests prisoners for the remainder of the night, issued in the morning a proclamation to the effect that as king he had taken the government into his own hands. Less through affection for his father than for the need he felt for Milan's political experience in dealing with the strife between the Liberal and Progressive parties, he recalled the ex-King to his side, notwithstanding a resolution of the National Assembly had forbidden both parents residence in Serbia, and in 1894 arbitrarily suspended the constitution of 1888. Three years later he fell under the influence of Draga Mashin, *dame d'honneur* to his mother, whom he was visiting in Biarritz. Draga's father, Prefect of Shabatz in King Milan's time, died in an asylum. Her first husband, an employé of the Minister of Finance, died a year after their marriage.

Alexander's decision to regularize by marriage his connection with his mistress is one not un-

known to the history of Royalty, but in no instance was it so clearly an act of folly. His ministers had resigned, his friends had abandoned him, the army was a hotbed of disloyalty, yet nothing availed to shake his determination. His father Milan, then in Vienna, had written him he would be the first to applaud the Government which should drive him from the kingdom if he persisted in his folly. Alexander's order to prevent Milan's crossing the frontier and, as was reported, to shoot him like a mad dog if he made the attempt, is evidence of his own madness.

It can readily be imagined that these events created a sensation in the diplomatic circle of Bucharest as well as in Belgrade, and the desire to await instructions from home was accentuated when, on July 13th, it was announced in the Serbian Official Gazette that at the order of his Imperial Majesty Tzar Nicholas II the Russian Chargé had visited Alexander and in the name of his Sovereign congratulated him on his engagement. Whatever the truth respecting Russia's connivance in this marriage, any misgivings which Alexander may have felt were dissipated by this approval of his powerful protector.

In "A Royal Tragedy," by Chedonille Mijatovich, at one time private secretary of King Milan,

Minister at the Court of St. James, and a Cabinet minister in the reigns of both Milan and Alexander, will be found a full account of the events culminating in one of the most brutal political murders of history. The author's intimate association with all the leading actors, lends extraordinary interest to an extraordinary narrative of Alexander's early years, of the obsession which led him to defy the counsels of his official advisers, the entreaties of friends and the warnings of fate, and finally of that terrible night when the band of drunken assassins roving through the palace at last found their victims and completed their bloody work by hurling their mutilated but still living bodies from the palace windows.

In 1896, not long before Alexander first came under Draga's spell, he visited Athens. It was the year of the first revival of the Olympic games, and in the Stadium the Princess Marie of Greece sat between Alexander and the Grand Duke George of Russia, her future husband. It was generally understood at that time that they were suitors for her hand, and it was very evident to which side Athenian sympathy inclined.

It is reported that in 1908, five years after ascending the throne, King Peter deposited in the National Museum of Budapest a sealed package

not to be opened till after his death. That it contains documents and photographs relating to the murder of Alexander and Draga is confirmed by the Director of the Museum, but I have seen nothing indicating any intention of making them public.

2

BELGRADE occupies a commanding position on a crest overlooking the Save and the Danube. The view from the Kalemegdan gardens is one not easily forgotten, and few cities of Europe can boast of a more tempestuous or interesting history. From the third century B.C., when it was fortified by the Celts, it has passed under a bewildering succession of masters — Roman, Hun, Goth, Frank, Bulgarian, Byzantine, Turk, and Austrian — enduring countless sieges, earning thereby the unique title of "the home of wars for the faith." Its transformation into a modern city was too incomplete in 1900 to compensate for the loss of its picturesque features, which were to be found only in the poorer quarters where wretched pavements and general insalubrity discouraged exploration. As our stay was to be a short one, our Consul had engaged an apartment in the principal hotel. The salon was an immense room, having at one end the conventional sofa and

table flanked by two chairs, commonly prescribed in the East for the reception of visitors, and along its walls solemn rows of other chairs, few of which were self-supporting. The service of coffee in pewter cups was a novelty, as was also the length of the bed coverings, which bore no relations to our own dimensions, and made us wonder how the Serbians, who are not a diminutive race, bridged the gap. As for Belgrade pavements, after a round of calls over its cobblestones one had acquired such a habit of holding one's self together that it was a long time before one could relax in a carriage again. Neither the domestic nor the political atmosphere of the city was tranquillizing, so that it was with a sense of relief that one felt the tremor of the engines as our steamer moved out into the current of the Danube.

The scenery of the lower Danube cannot be compared with that of the river above Vienna. I had always supposed that the Iron Gates was, as the name implies, a passage between more or less imposing heights. In the Kazan Pass the river is indeed surrounded by mountains of some two thousand feet in height, but the Iron Gates at the eastern end of the Pass is, or rather was before the improvement of navigation, a

rapid whose name refers to the rocks below the water surface and not to mountain barriers above. Below the Pass the banks become gradually lower, the river widens, and finally enters a desolate swampy region devoid of interest. At Giurgevo the Danube is left for the railway to Bucharest.

Quite the first impression received in Bucharest was that made by the black stallions and Russian drivers of the carriage sent by the Consul to meet us at the station. After the shabby public conveyances of Athens and Belgrade, these of Bucharest, resembling in their appointments a private carriage, were a constant source of pleasure. It was a delight to watch from our hotel windows these coachmen of the Lipovan sect, banished from Russia, in their long black caftans and silver girdles forever grooming their glossy charges and polishing the metal trappings of their harness. The speed with which they drove was at first a little disconcerting, but one soon acquired a confidence never inspired by the crazy antics of the Athenian Jehu.

With Roumania is associated the memory of that gracious and accomplished woman and Queen, Elizabeth of Wied, better known under the name of Carmen Sylva, and the then Crown

Princess Marie, the most beautiful of all the granddaughters of Victoria. The Queen had already gone to Sinaia, the summer residence of the Court and the favorite resort of Roumanian society. It lies north of Bucharest, just within the Roumanian boundary, on the railway to Kronstadt in Transylvania. Until the erection of the Château Pelesh, it consisted only of a few cabins clustered about the monastery founded in 1695 by Prince Michael Cantacuzene, which had been a royal residence prior to the building of the Château.

A beautiful road winds among the firs to the Château, whose turrets and pointed roof appear from time to time under the bare grey wall of the Carpathians. I should have enjoyed that drive far more had it been a more leisurely one, for it was my first experience in a carriage with postilions, and the speed with which we rounded the curves took one's breath away. I recalled at the time a little boy of twelve who, in the throng which lined the Champs Elysées had been lifted to his father's shoulder in order that he might have a better view of the Empress as her carriage *á la Daumont* swept up the Avenue with its glittering escort of cuirassiers. He had landed in Liverpool the day of the battle of Solferino, and

had just witnessed in Paris the triumphant entry of the Army of Italy, and as he bared his head to the lovely occupant of the landau who to his imagination embodied all these glories, he caught a smile which he appropriated wholly to himself, little dreaming that he should ever be seated behind postilions.

On the occasion of our presentation to the Queen, Madame had her own credentials, her brother having translated and published the Queen's "Songs of Toil," which explains the tactful words, "To the Sister," which the Queen wrote over her signature on her photograph. There are some things which happen under one's very eyes, of which one only knows years after. Not till one of Madame's letters written home from Persia came accidentally into my possession was I aware that, after a hard day of fifty miles in the saddle, she had stolen out on the roof of the *chapar khaneh* for a good cry, and only to-day, in recalling our audience in the Château Pelesh, did she confide to me that owing to the King's conversation she had been obliged to abandon with regret the greater part of the fresh strawberry ice cream served at luncheon.

The most notable features of the interior of the Château were the superb wood carvings and

stained-glass windows illustrating scenes from the Queen's writings. She took great interest in explaining them to us and in showing us in her work-room an altar cloth she was embroidering for the monastery, as also an illuminated missal done in her own hand. We subsequently passed two charming afternoons with this versatile woman. She was passionately fond of music, and after tea, accompanied by a violin and 'cello, sat for an hour at the piano reading from sight. It was a veritable rehearsal, repetition succeeding repetition till the rendering satisfied her. The last time she received us, one of Mark Twain's books was in her hand. She was much interested to learn that we knew him, asking a thousand questions about him and begging us to assure him of the many good laughs he had given her. On reaching our carriage we found a photograph for Mr. Clemens which she had found the time to autograph in the short interval after taking our leave.

The Crown Princess Marie was certainly one of the most beautiful of women. Surrounded by her three children, she made the loveliest picture imaginable. The youngest of the three was brought in by the English nurse, at the close of luncheon, and placed on the table, and later on

Sinaia 1900. Marie

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA AS CROWN PRINCESS IN 1900

my lap, much to my dismay, for with a child of that age in my arms I have never felt wholly unconcerned for either of us. There was a large tree in the Princess's garden, with steps leading to a seat high up in its branches, where she was fond of reading. In bearing and speech she had, without any loss of dignity, the freedom from formality and charming spontaneity characteristic of English Princesses. There were many stories current in Bucharest, for whose accuracy I cannot vouch, illustrative of her independence of character. I may be permitted to cite one which is typical of all. The King is said to have expressed surprise one day at seeing her in the Palace, not having heard the bugle which always announced the arrival of her carriage from the Palatul Controceni where she resided, and was quietly informed that she had come in the tram! We saw her for the last time at the station, where, radiantly happy at the prospect of her journey, she was setting out to join her mother on the Riviera.

Our transfer in 1900 to Switzerland was wholly unexpected, and as usual, when one's movements are controlled by a *deus ex machina*, it put an end to many projects. We had explored the immediate vicinity of Athens — Eleusis,

Corinth, Ægina, Marathon, Sunion — had seen the Easter dances at Megara, visited Argos, Nauplia, Mycenæ, Delphi, Magaspelæon; and now a laconic cable shut the door on things undone and severed temporarily the many ties formed in two years. To describe these places would be to repeat an oft-told tale. To visit them was to lose the illusion of vast spaces, great populations, and mighty armies which the moral and tragic grandeur of Greek history created in the mind of the schoolboy. At that time, in spite of the maps in the textbook, one seemed to be reading of the clash of great empires and listening to the tramp of immense armies. In actual contact with the geographical features of Greece, those terrible wars so painfully dug out of the lexicon were after all only the quarrels of neighbors; Attica, Sparta, and the rest were in fact no bigger than modern townships, while Athens, Corinth, Megara, etc., were almost within sight of each other. In valor and achievement the actors remained the same, but the scale of the stage on which they had played their parts was reduced to truer proportions.

In going to Belgrade and Bucharest to present my letters of recall, we thought to avoid the detour via Vienna by taking the railway direct

from Triest to Budapest. Arriving at midnight, instead of the spacious railway terminus with which we were familiar, we found ourselves in an unpretentious building which a surly station-master, after extinguishing the lights, at once proceeded to lock up. The ground was covered with snow, there were no carriages, the street was unlighted, and in the darkness there were no signs of human habitation. Our only fellow passengers were an irascible German and a peasant woman. The latter was courteous and assisted us with our hand luggage. A light moving in the distance proved to be that of a carriage, but my German companion, less encumbered than we, reached it first, and, slamming the door in my face, drove off.

Perhaps a second carriage which met us a full half-hour later as we trudged along in the snow and darkness was the result of a conscience troubled at having left a lady so unceremoniously in such a plight. Perhaps its encounter was a happy accident. I had realized, of course, that we were on the Buda side of the river; a short drive through the tunnel under the fortress and palace of Maria Theresa brought us out in the blaze of light on the quays bordering the Danube, and our rash experiment in short cuts was over.

CHAPTER VII

I

I BEGAN my acquaintance with Switzerland in 1859, when my father and mother, on their way to the East, dropped me and an older brother at school in Neuchâtel. For nearly a year we were the only English-speaking *pensionnaires* and were promptly dubbed *le petit* and *le grand Américain.*

In this French canton, whose complete emancipation from the yoke of Prussia dated back only two years to the Treaty of Paris, 1857, the young twig of my sympathy was bent from Germany to France. The sympathies as well as the habits of the young are easily influenced, and trivial incidents, like the pebble on the water-shed which determines the sea into which the tiny rill shall empty when a mighty river, fix the ultimate trend of affection. One such trivial pebble was a certain Emile Respinger from German Switzerland who was my neighbor at table in the Pension Roulet. There were two such tables presided over respectively by Monsieur and Madame Roulet. At the foot of one sat *le petit*, carefully removed from all contact with *le grand*

at the other, in the interest of the speedy acquisition of the French language. On Sundays, directly in front of Monsieur and Madame Roulet, there appeared two tarts of cart-wheel dimensions. Prior to their appearance they had been impartially divided into wedges exactly equal in number to the boys of the two tables, and at the proper time these wedges began their passage from hand to hand toward the occupants of the seats at the distant ends. Now for two Sundays in succession this beneficent stream had stopped at Emile Respinger, and I felt very much as a niece of mine did who, when charged a ridiculously exorbitant sum for an article in a Paris shop, walked out with the remark, "I may be an American, but I'm not a fool." After consultation with my brother, we decided it was beneath us to tell tales on any one, but also that it was incumbent on me to redress my own wrongs. In other words, the next time Respinger appropriated my rightful wedge of tart, I was to "punch" him in the most approved Anglo-Saxon fashion.

Both Monsieur and Madame Roulet were charming people for whom I soon acquired a profound respect, even affection, but not to this day have I been able to understand why, if the older

German boys were not molested when settling their differences with sticks in the cellar of the new building after the manner of Heidelberg students, it was a disgrace to redress a wrong with the defensive weapons provided by nature.

This was but one of the many strange and new points of view to be acquired by a New England lad thus abruptly transplanted from his native soil. Within a week a despairing letter was despatched to his mother, beseeching the larger supply of underwear necessary to meet the Neuchâtel custom of washing at six-week intervals. Among other letters preserved by a fond parent is one in which it is explained that "we have no butter for breakfast because butter clogs the brain" — a theory abandoned on returning to my native land.

I have only the happiest recollections of the Pension Roulet, although one might form a different opinion from the frequently recurring entry in my journal, "Same as yesterday." The quaint little town slumbered on the lake at the foot of Chaumont, whose wooded slopes we scoured for petrifactions, and whose summit, in a land famous for its views, afforded a magnificent outlook on the Alps from Pilatus to Mont Blanc. We made the ascent one dismal day

through a mantle of fog, emerging at last in dazzling sunshine. The landscape intervening between us and the snow-capped mountains was a lake of clouds. Sounds of bells and human activities came up from the invisible city, and it was quite uncanny to go down again into that filmy sea when the rose had faded into grey on the distant peaks in warning of the coming night.

2

On returning to Switzerland in 1900, one of our first pilgrimages was to this sleepy town surrounded by vineyards. It had clambered higher up the side of Chaumont, a railroad now ran through its terraces, Monsieur and Madame Roulet were gathered to their fathers and the school no longer existed; but the room, shrunk to Lilliputian dimensions, in which the two little boys slept and said their French prayers, was still there, its one window looking out on the vineyards where the grape clusters were mellowing as of old in the autumn sun.

There still exists an album filled with signatures adorned by boyish flourishes, attesting to sentiments and aphorisms from which the kindly hand of Time has removed all trace of exaggerated sentimentality. Even Emile Res-

pinger is there, and not to be passed by without a quickening of the pulse; "Octavie," in fine French script, the young daughter of the house with whom we made the joyous acquaintance of La Fontaine before graduating into the arid moralities of Télémaque and the cloying eloquence of Bossuet.

In 1913 we passed a night at Neuchâtel in the hotel on the sunny quay by the lake. In the course of the evening I strolled into the public reading-room whose table, like most of its kind, was furnished with ancient unreadable matter. A man in the uniform of a Prussian general officer stood at the window. As I entered, he turned and glared at me with an expression plainly indicating I was intruding. No pen can render the insolence and scorn on his face. It required all the self-control at my command to avoid sinking to the level of his impertinence.

The following morning our two motors stood at the opposite curb ready to start. As I signalled for ours, the General, who joined us at this moment on the steps, raised his hand in warning and signalled for his own car — a smart limousine with two orderlies in uniform on the front seat — and we waited perforce while his luggage was installed. Our chauffeur was a young French-

man who had been for many years in our service. I could see that he was boiling with rage, but he said nothing. The orderly dismounted, opened the door, saluted, closed the door, saluted again, and the car moved on. It so happened that we were both going in the same direction, to Berne. As we left the town and struck into the open country, I realized we were exceeding our usual speed, and before long the black body of the limousine appeared ahead of us. I said nothing, but I understood. Gradually we drew up and the sharp note of our horn demanded passage. For some minutes it was unheeded. Then our car, gaining speed, thrust its nose on a level with the rear wheels, the horn barked insistently, and the car ahead was forced to yield passage. It was impossible not to exchange a glance with its occupant. His face was one of concentrated rage. I raised my hat, and we saw him no more.

We had been motoring through Germany — Dresden, Leipsig, Weimar, Eisenach, Fulda, Frankfort, Bingen — and had been deeply impressed, as every traveller must be, with the order, discipline, efficiency, and well-being visible on every hand. It made us think of the wasteful, inefficient, plundering municipal govern-

ment of American cities. What a pity that a theory of government so economically sound should be so entwined with militarism, Prussianism, that to crush the latter, conscienceless, immoral, deadly, it became necessary also to crush the other! In well-ordered, well-governed, prosperous Leipsig we had just seen that monstrous, barbaric monument, the incarnation of *Schrecklichkeit*, erected by Prussianism in celebration of the victory of 1813. Everything immoral, hideous, and repulsive was symbolized in that gigantic pile, as everything decent, enviable, almost ideal was realized in the city. I thought of this as our Prussian General receded into the distance. He, too, was a symbol.

3

THE influences of these early experiences and associations reaches forward into after life. It was doubtless the command of the French language acquired in the Pension Roulet that led to the selection of Paris rather than Berlin for graduate study. The spoken language, however, was not the only acquisition. There was another, realized more fully subsequently, a profound admiration for the precision, clarity, and charm of that language as an organ of expression. The

child who learns to think in an alien tongue never wholly escapes its moulding influences. Both this admiration and influence were deepened in 1874, when, following as an *élève externe* the courses of the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées and the lectures at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, I found time to listen also to Caro's lectures at the Sorbonne on the Eclecticism of Cousin, and that delightful but eccentric lecturer at the Beaux Arts who never took his nose from his manuscript, even when feeling for the hands of the clock on the wall behind him as the end of the hour drew near.

Time there was also to explore Paris with a French fellow student, exchanging to our mutual benefit our mother tongues. We were in the main congenial explorers, but he never fully shared my passion for church interiors. "The Louvre," he would say, "yes, *cela se comprend — mais les églises!* Why do all you Americans wish to visit them?"

I can answer that question better to-day. There were, of course, the glories of architecture, not only the grand lines, but the perpetually recurring surprises of combination and decoration in which the imagination of the mediæval artist revelled, as did the eyes starved in the

cold bare walls of the church on Meeting-House Hill. Of a certainty, too, were the pictures of imperishable genius, frescoes and mosaics and tombs of the mighty dead, to be seen from a sense of duty if for no other reason. Not to be omitted also were gorgeous priestly vestments, relics of saints and martyrs, Virgins in tinsel robes, all the pathetic trappings and symbols of faith and superstition, recalling the question of the Egyptian priest before the votive tablets in the Temple of Neptune — "Where be the tablets of those who were drowned?"

But there was something more, something absent from Protestant cathedrals, even the mighty ones taken over from another faith, something all-pervading, enfolding, and softening all these things as did the twilight of the overarching vaults — the spirit of the place, the atmosphere of open hospitality, the faith and aspirations and authority of immemorial ages. One does not feel this in the Escorial, built by a fanatic and egoist for himself, but one does in Notre Dame, in Saint Stephens, in Toledo, shrines planted in the very heart of a city's life, humble dwellings clinging to their walls as for shelter, their doors wide open, even to the beggar who also has his privileges in these universal

homes. Perhaps one may sum it all up in the human interest embodied in every aspect and incident, the children playing fearlessly amid the pomp of ceremonials, the pathetic figure of the peasant who has dropped her bundle beside her and is kneeling before the pitying Mother, while her little black dog squatting behind her waits unmolested till the prayer is finished; in the ever-present and appealing drama of personal worship, in the simplicity and seriousness of unquestioning faith.

In his own particular chapel encrusted with marble sleeps the great Warrior-Cardinal. Knights in hauberk mail keep vigil about the tomb on which lies the stone effigy of His Eminence, his drawn sword by his side. Above, from the lofty *retablo*, the Virgin looks down upon him. A little girl, a colored kerchief pinned over the brown neck, comes in from the door of the transept, passes unheeding the gilded screen of the great cardinal, dips in the nave before the high altar, and kneels to a fat priest in a side chapel — a very reverent little figure, its hands crossed over the breast, its lips moving. Phlegmatically, perfunctorily, the fat priest touches her with his wand and she rises. Whatever passed through her child's mind has gone with the blessing.

She is running joyously down the aisle now, hopping and skipping, and disappears through the swinging door, light-hearted as the swallows building their nests in the stone foliage above the beggars, leaving a little of the joy of her young heart in mine.

I have forgotten the name of His Eminence.

4

In looking back upon my school life I am quite as much impressed by the defects of human nature as by those of the educational system. If Mr. Charles Francis Adams and others, who like him have characterized the Boston Latin School as "a hateful memory," could have brought to its "low standards and bad methods" the experience and knowledge of life with which in maturer years they criticise them, the verdict might be less severe. For some failures we ourselves are to blame.

Two conditions of modern life have radically modified our educational system — to my thinking not for the better: namely, the astonishing increase in the number of students thronging our schools and colleges and the equally astonishing number of subjects which have invaded the curriculum. It is difficult to deny the force of

arguments brought forward on behalf of any branch of learning as a necessary complement of a liberal education. The result has been that, having no more time at our disposal than before, this crowding of the curriculum has forced us into the elective muddle, whose abuses are much the same as those which result from setting before a child a menu whose right use requires what a child does not possess. Numbers have so increased the size of classes that the personal contact between teacher and student, and all that means of inspiration and oversight, has vanished. With the disappearance of this personal contact, all real knowledge on the part of the teacher of what the student is really acquiring and digesting disappears also. The recitation which probes, has given way to the lecture, and the oral examination, now physically impossible, is replaced by the written examination which tells relatively little and is often a mere farce. I am quite incompetent to suggest a remedy for these evils, the natural consequences of the increase in population and human knowledge, but I am quite clear that at West Point, where they did not exist, where discipline had not been replaced by *laisser-aller* methods, the results obtained in my day were tolerably satisfactory.

The division of a class into small sections and the length of time assigned to each recitation whereby, instead of listening, one among a hundred, to a lecturer, every student recited every day, were powerful incentives to the faithful and persistent use and development of such mental faculties as one had. I do not think that any graduate whose opinion is worth having has ever said of West Point what Mr. Adams says of the Latin School: "I would go a long distance out of my way to give it a kick."

It would probably surprise most people who think of West Point as a professional school, like a law or medical school, to know that only a very small fraction of the studies — I am not speaking of the drills — pursued there have any direct bearing on the technical duties of a soldier. The fundamental principle of a West Point education is discipline, precisely what has disappeared from college life. As cadets we doubtless kicked at its rigors, but unlike Mr. Adams, who has not a good word to say of the Latin School, in retrospection we have many good words to say and little kicking. Colonel Michie used to say: "Our aim is first to make men and thereby good soldiers." Habits of daily application, of self-reliance in the attack of new problems, of subordi-

FIRST AND LAST SECTIONS IN CHEMISTRY, CLASS OF 1869, WEST POINT

The Author (belonging to the first section) carries a book, *more suo*.

The last section of a class in every subject was known as *Les Immortels*. To a visiting French officer asking the meaning of this term Colonel Michie replied, " Lazy mortals."

nating natural inclination to effort, however disagreeable that effort might be, were acquired unconsciously. The feeling of loyalty felt by graduates for their Alma Mater springs partly from the friendships formed in college life, valuable but incidental benefits. Over and above this loyalty of sentiment there exists among us West Point graduates a rational loyalty, arising from the conviction that we really owe an immense debt to our Alma Mater, a debt which would be even greater had we better realized our opportunities. I think it is true that, after making due allowance for after-dinner oratory, the tributes of West Point graduates are more genuinely serious than those of graduates of any other institution in the recognition of the vital influence of West Point training on character and duty. President Eliot's gratuitous insult to a national institution whose reputation throughout the world is so firmly established can be explained only by the remark of Goethe that "understanding people are sometimes seen to err, to wit, in those things which they do not understand."

The lives of all the great products of our military school, in both civil and military life, prove that, so far from reducing men to the level of automata, its education has developed initiative,

self-reliance, and thoroughness. I believe it is Swedenborg who declares that truthfulness is the essential element of a man's character, as chastity is of woman's. Loose statements, inexactness in small matters, the habit of embroidering the truth, leniently passed over in woman, in a word, untrustworthiness, is fatal to his standing in the community. Looseness in private life may injure his fair name, but it is not so instantly fatal to his influence as the word which is not as good as the bond. From a narrow religious point of view it is probably true that West Point graduates are no better morally than other men, but after twenty years of experience on a college faculty I have no hesitation whatever in affirming that the traditions and *esprit de corps* of West Point, symbolized by its motto, DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY, and the reliance placed upon the simple word in the thousand practical matters of daily life, have developed a habit of truth-telling, of absolutely literal honesty and freedom from all tendency to evasion, as well as quick obedience to authority, unequalled elsewhere. "It is the life and breath of the Academy."

In the report of the Superintendent of the Military Academy for 1920 occurs the following statement: "West Point cannot justly be com-

pared with the liberal arts schools of the universities, for such schools offer general educational courses for general educational purposes. The student in West Point is being trained for one and only one purpose — for success in the military profession. The student in the civilian institutions is receiving basic general education which will qualify him for any one of a dozen careers."

This statement is one which may easily mislead, for it conveys the impression that West Point is a professional school in the sense of the school of medicine, law, or theology into which the college student passes after graduation. The average cadet and the average college boy are of the same age, the great distinction between them being that, at the age when one is floundering about in the welter of "courses" with generally vague ideas of what he is to do in after life, the other has made his choice and knows for what port he is headed.

It is true that "the student in West Point is being trained for a special purpose," but until his last year almost all of his special training takes place in summer camp, when college boys are doing nothing, and a greater part still he acquires after graduation in special schools of instruc-

tion and in actual experience with his command. Any one who takes the trouble to compare the studies pursued at West Point with those at college will find that until the final year the cadet is studying practically what the college student is studying, his military instruction taking place during the summer encampment and in drills after academic hours. The advantage possessed by the cadet over his fellow in college, and it is an immense one, is that he knows what he is aiming at; is forced to do by a daily task what his college mate is permitted to attempt, if he wishes, by cramming at stated intervals; that the time devoted to recreation, sports, friends, dancing, etc., is regulated for him instead of by him, and that by location and regulations he is freed from the temptations which distract from the matter in hand. I do not attach much importance to the list of brilliant graduates which the Commencement orator loves to cite as evidence of the superiority of his Alma Mater. These are the men who defy all systems of education, who are dowered with the germinating force of the seed, and are bound to rise superior to the "bad methods" of which Mr. Adams complains.

The general training West Point aims to secure is certainly as important for the future phy-

sician, merchant, or lawyer as for the soldier. Whether or not we think its methods most likely to obtain the desired results in those professions, in the quickening and steadying of the sense of responsibility to one's self and constituted authority, they are sustained in the Military Academy by a "tradition" which has no counterpart elsewhere.

When a guest to-day at a "spread" in a college suite, with its lounge and easy-chairs, curtains and pictures, my thought reverts to the single room where the boy from cultured Boston and his roommate from Walla Walla, in the then Territory of Washington, learned their first lesson in pure democracy. We two had not chosen each other. We were mated as accidentally as any pair of the animal world. In passing through the sallyport when reporting for duty, ancestry and wealth had become coins of no value. In respect to such fortuitous advantages we had all been reduced to a common denominator. So far as we two were concerned, if one could boast of French, the other could retaliate in Chinook, an Indian language as rare in Massachusetts as French was in Washington Territory.

It is with no thought of suggesting invidious comparisons that among things remembered I

mention this bare room, carpetless, curtainless, and destitute of lounge or easy-chair, the mattresses of whose iron beds were folded back between reveille and tattoo lest the occupants grappling with quadratics at the iron table should be tempted to abandon the struggle, but simply to illustrate the mental aberration of a fond parent who, ignorant of the laws of Sparta, had sent a Christmas box of "furnishings" and edibles, all of which were promptly confiscated. With the help of my friend from Walla Walla, a blanket was hung at the window to conceal the light forbidden after taps and the edibles of that box were abstracted from the guard-house and enjoyed behind that blanket. Naturally, I appeared in the Commandant's office the following morning, standing at attention with my fingers on the seams of my trousers before the imposing personality of Colonel Black, of the 23d Infantry, then Commandant of cadets.

It was some minutes before the revolving chair turned and a gruff voice from above a heavy black beard enquired: "Mr. Hardy, what is your definition of stealing?" There are rare occasions when one happens to say the right thing. Without the slightest thought of trapping that august personality, in pure innocence of

heart I stammered, "taking what does n't belong to you."

The fist came down on the table with a bang.

"No, sir, no, sir; it's taking what's under lock and key!"

I think to that happy answer I owed escape with only a few extra tours of guard duty and the loss of the "furnishings."

Years after, at a reception in Washington, I saw the Colonel talking with a group of officers. We had not met since West Point days. As I approached, he held out his hand with the greeting, "Here's the man who taught me the definition of stealing."

In the family annals, however, the first prize for happy replies has been awarded to Madame. When travelling on a Mediterranean steamer with an unmarried brother and married sister, a very polite French gentleman who sought to make himself agreeable and was doubtless at a loss to make out the relationships of the American trio, in the course of a conversation *à deux* asked:

"Is it madame or mademoiselle?"

"It makes no difference," was the placid reply.

It was early during that "plebe year" at West Point that I received my first lesson in

anatomy from Surgeon Head at the hospital. Reporting one morning at sick call, the following conversation ensued:

"Well, sir?"

(With my hand on the seat of pain.) "Stomach-ache, sir."

"Good God, sir! Don't you know the difference between your stomach and your belly? What kind of bread do you eat?"

(A little confused.) "White bread, sir."

"Eat brown bread, sir. Next!"

CHAPTER VIII

I

UNTIL the railway cut the Roulet property in two, there was a fine playground which greatly appealed to us, and we were immensely relieved to find that in our visits to the town or excursions on the mountain we were not paired off after the manner of the processions of schoolboys we had seen and despised in Paris. Home was not possible for us as it was for our schoolmates when the midsummer vacation came, but by special dispensation we made wonderful journeys with Monsieur Roulet in the tramp fashion which boys love. First, across the azure lake and up the Broye, between whose reedy banks the steamer wiggled like an eel, to mediæval Morat, where Charles the Bold tasted for the second time the bitterness of defeat; and thence to Fribourg, to stand on the spider-web bridge over the Sarine and to hear, as all conscientious Americans felt obliged to, Carl Vogt play "The Storm in the Mountains" on the great organ of Saint Nicholas. In those days there was but one performance — the word is apt — at night. A priest ushered us

to our seats in silence. The faint blur of light in the organ loft intensified the darkness. All else was mystery. When the first notes of the organ broke the stillness, imagination was ready to translate them into the mutterings of the coming storm, the reverberation of the thunder, the crash of falling avalanches, and finally the shepherd's pipe and tinkle of cow-bells as peace settled again on the upper pastures. Still more enjoyable was the start on foot from Meiringen for our first real taste of the Alps at the foot of the Rosenlaui Glacier, over the Grosse Scheidegg to Grindelwald and up again over the Kleine Scheidegg to watch the avalanches on the precipices of the Jungfrau before descending into the deep cleft of the Lauterbrunnen Valley.

It was on this journey that I registered the vow to conquer some day one of these mighty peaks, a vow fulfilled in the eighties by the ascent of Piz Zupo from Pontresina. Looking over from its summit on the Bernina, the highest point of the range, I asked the guide, to whom the choice had been left, why he had not selected the Bernina, inasmuch as it was only a hundred and fifty-three feet higher. He explained that the *arête* was much more difficult, and that he did not know whether or not he "was to be tied to

a fool." Before leaving Pontresina, he and I stood on the summit of the Bernina, which Baedeker classifies among the mountains "fit for experts only."

2

FROM Teheran a leave of absence with permission to return to the United States was mostly consumed in transit. Even from Greece what may be called the overhead charge of a vacation was excessive; but in Switzerland we were once more in the center of things, accessible to friends, even from overseas. With the possible exception of Geneva, none of the Swiss cities were very attractive for permanent residence, preference being given generally to the villas on the shores of its beautiful lakes. This was especially true of the capital, Berne, a small provincial city boasting of little beyond its wonderful view of the Bernese Oberland. Any one familiar with the rather dingy little shops of its arcaded streets will appreciate the retort of Count Montgelas, the Bavarian Minister, who, after listening to my panegyric of Berne as a post, exclaimed: "Oh, yes! that's all very well, but what I want is a street of shops!"

There were no houses available in the city

suitable for a Legation. The French Embassy and the German Legation were the property of their respective Governments. The Russian Minister, owing to this scarcity of houses, had fled to Lake Thun; my predecessor, Mr. Lieshman, had established himself on Lake Lucerne and Mr. Hill, my successor, resided in Geneva. The English Government had purchased a site in the new quarter beyond the Aare. Meanwhile Sir Conyngham Greene was living in Lausanne. Time hung heavily on the hands of unmarried Secretaries obliged to remain at the chancelleries in Berne, for there was practically little society outside of the Diplomatic Corps. One large dinner was given every year by the Federal Council, to which ladies were not invited, and I was told by the Dean, the Austrian Minister, that it was quite unnecessary for Madame to leave cards on the wives of Swiss officials, as they would not be returned. Being accredited to the Swiss Government, and not to Bernese society, this advice was not followed, although the prophesied results proved for the most part correct. The nearest approach to a club was the table at the railway restaurant about which the younger set of bachelor diplomats were wont to gather. Under these conditions invitations for

week-ends with the more fortunately situated were promptly accepted.

We usually patronized this excellent railway restaurant when called to Berne for a day from our home on Lake Geneva, and here Madame found, to her very great delight, what she had been looking for ever since leaving Greece, a honey equal to that of Hymettus. Summoning the proprietor and explaining that for the first time since leaving Athens she had discovered a honey whose flavor could be compared with the Hymettus variety, she asked if it were possible to purchase some. "Certainly, Madame," said the polite proprietor, "but we also have the *real* honey."

What is the use of the real article when the imitation is its equal!

3

For reasons above explained the necessity of finding a suitable home, which generally faces an American Minister on reaching his post, was in Switzerland one of unusual perplexity. It was the fixed idea of the local agent that nothing short of a castle would satisfy him. We allowed ourselves to be lured to two. One was a venerable relic of the feudal age, about which were

clustered in odorous proximity the barnyards of descendants of bygone retainers who had once found it desirable to locate as near as possible to their overlord. The other was superbly situated on a hill commanding, we were assured, a notable view. It was discouraging to be further told that the approach was too steep for a carriage. Without leaving ours, castles were stricken from our list, and we ventured farther afield by rail. Somewhat discouraged by failure, we informed the Bernerhof that we might be gone a week, but returned the next day crowned with instant success — a furnished house known as "Les Uttins" at Rolle on Lake Geneva, charmingly situated in some thirty acres of gardens and fine old trees, the property of an American, which means, of course, that it had been remodelled and refitted to meet modern requirements. From its windows and the terrace of its newly added spacious dining-room one overlooked the blue waters of the lake, beyond which the giants of the Mont Blanc range towered above the Savoy shore.

Castles on hills, accessible only on foot, are excellent for defence and eminently picturesque, but they have their drawbacks as residences. In these degenerate days, when heat and water

are summoned at will from pipes and faucets as easily, if not as miraculously, as Moses summoned water from the rock, the picturesque cannot atone for positive discomfort, which is after all a relative thing.

In 1913, when motoring to Bad Losdorf to call on the Rivett-Carnacs, we were the guests for the day of Mr. Ellsworth, who was then living in the castle of the Hapsburgs, known as Lenzburg, restored by Mr. A. E. Jesup. The largest of the Swiss castles, it was a ruin in 1890 when the latter bought it. The critic of "restorations" can have nothing but praise for the manner in which Mr. Jesup, aided by the best experts, has rebuilt as a feudal fortress one of the most historically interesting ruins of Europe, furnishing it in exact accordance with the varying epochs of its past. Built by Radbot, Count of Altenburg, and his brother, the Bishop of Strassburg, its history and transformation have been recorded by Gilbert-Smith, who justly pronounces it "a happy combination of feudal art and modern comfort." It crowns the Wülpelsberg, like the Kabyle villages near Michelet, but we drove to its very door, not a little startled by a first glimpse from the road below of the American flag floating above its lofty ramparts. One of its

many surprises was a charming garden high up on the battlements into which one stepped from Mrs. Ellsworth's boudoir. Mr. Ellsworth is also the owner of that most charming of Florentine villas, the Villa Palmieri, whose hospitality is well known to American travellers.

Colonel Rivett-Carnac, brother-in-law of Sir Mortimer Durand, in recent years a resident of Switzerland, was living in Schloss Wildegg, near Lenzburg, when we were in Rolle. It contained valuable ethnological and archæological collections, and also commanded a noble view, but one for which one paid with the sweat of one's brow on a hot afternoon. Returning from a drive on one such, our host suggested walking to spare the horses. We spared the horses at the expense of our hosts, whom we kept waiting a half-hour for dinner, the ascent of the hill and the many stairs mounting to our turret rooms forcing ablutions *au fond.* Motoring in Switzerland in 1913, we learned the Rivett-Carnacs were occupying the Château de Rougemont, between Saanen and Aigle on the border of Berne and Vaud. They were absent at the time, but on making ourselves known the guardian gave us welcome. In this instance there was no hill, but a quaint courtyard and interior, with

ancient furnishings in which the Colonel delighted.

In the eyes of the European landlord, Americans are undoubtedly a queer lot. They refuse to be satisfied with the legend *chauffage centrale* so generously displayed on the hotel omnibus if that apparatus is out of commission in the hotel, and grumble when chilly rooms and damp corridors force them to don garments designed for winter wear out of doors. As to hot water and baths, they are notoriously exacting. Madame has a famous story of the Hôtel de Paris in Madrid where, in the eighties, she asked if it were possible to have a bath. On the appearance of a small sitz tub, she explained that a "real bath" was meant. Some minutes later the heavy tread as of an "army, awfully arrayed," and groaning under the weight of a colossal affair resembling the sarcophagus of Thothmes I, was heard in the corridor, followed by a battalion of porters bearing jars capable of concealing the robbers of Ali Baba. All this for a slip of a girl who had innocently expressed the wish for refreshment after the night journey from Paris! It was noticeable, however, that visitors at Rolle succumbed to its factitious comforts without a murmur.

Shortly after our installation, we invited to luncheon the three boys of our Ambassador to Russia, Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who were at school in Lausanne, and the sons of Judge Tuck, of the International Court in Egypt, also at school near Geneva. Such was the excitement created among their American schoolmates that this modest beginning resulted in fifty-four boys sitting down in the dining-room of Les Uttins. The *débâcle* began with the receipt of a letter from the head master of a school harboring a single American, asking if we could not add one bitterly disappointed boy to our circle. After this there was no stopping short of all American boys in the vicinity, and a Greek whose family we had known in Athens plus the son of Count Lalaing, our Belgian colleague, were added for good measure. A happier, hungrier, finer set of youngsters never sat down to table, and the enthusiasm with which they responded to the toast to "the flag" was equalled only by their devotion to what they declared was "real American ice cream." The steamboat and railroad schedules obliged them to leave at five o'clock, so that Madame's proposal of tea scarcely an hour after luncheon was over seemed a bit unnecessary, especially as they had discovered that

the contents of the bags with which a game had been in progress were peanuts instead of beans. The bags were empty and the contents destined for home consumption had vanished, but the second table, like the first, was swept bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

A country house has some very definite advantages over a city one. Formal dinners and calls never attain to the intimacies established by visits in the "home." Aside from the week-ends of our colleagues from Berne, we now had long days with the Egertons on their way to and from Rome, glimpses of the Towers from Petrograd, the Storers then in Madrid, and not to be forgotten evenings with General Porter, listening before the wood fire to reminiscences of the War and General Grant, besides two long summers with the Richardsons fleeing from the heat of Athens.

On one occasion, when "Les Uttins" was full of guests, an invitation was received from the proprietor of the "Greatest Show on Earth" to accept a box for a performance in Geneva. This characteristically American combination of wild animals, Indians, stars of the circus ring, and "freaks" was touring Europe, and the invitation to the American Minister also included a

luncheon and was further extended to his guests. We had more misgivings about that luncheon than our guests, for the invitation, read at the breakfast table, was enthusiastically accepted without a dissenting voice. Every attention was showered upon us. We had private interviews with all the Kings and Queens of the jungle, we occupied the box of honor in the mammoth tent between the two rings, we made the personal acquaintance of the celebrities who thrive on a diet of fire and glass, and we had a truly delicious luncheon; but I doubt if certain Excellencies ever drank champagne before in such close proximity to the bearded lady, the living skeleton, and other shining lights of the freak and circus world.

The bewildering succession of marvels in the two rings had the usual effect on the Swiss public, but the exhibition of organization and efficiency produced a still greater impression. The long trains filed into the sidings at night. A white city of tents rose magically in the early morning with the sun. The orderly transfer of all the host of animal and human life from train to tent, without shoutings or even the crack of a whip, was as astonishing in its way as the Indian hold-up of the Deadwood Mail. Then all this phantasma-

goria of savage life, talent, and tinsel, disappeared overnight. No Arab ever folded his single tent and disappeared over the desert edge with less commotion.

4

In Switzerland as everywhere in my experience it was the naturalized American citizen who gave the most trouble. He was living in the business centres with no intention of going to the United States if he could possibly avoid it, and to avoid it he resorted to every form of evasion, subterfuge, and duplicity in the effort to secure the coveted passport. The necessity for the passport was twofold: first, in order to obtain the *permis de séjour*, without which no foreigner could reside in Switzerland; and, second, to conform to the passport regulations requiring a renewal every two years and proof of the intention ultimately to return to the United States. It was the practice of these people, whose adoption of American naturalization was a fiction designed solely to enable them to continue their Swiss residence and at the same time escape the obligations and duties of a Swiss citizen, to besiege the newly arrived Minister in the hope of obtaining what his predecessor had refused.

Not infrequently they made a special journey to neighboring legations, and even to Washington, in the desperate effort to get what was not to be had in Berne.

When in Roumania, where the entry of foreign Jews was forbidden by law, a Jew claiming American citizenship was arrested in Braila while attempting to cross the frontier. Our Consul forwarded his papers to the Legation. They consisted of a letter of credit which proved to have been stolen, and a passport. Apparently the former had been stolen solely for the purpose of obtaining the latter, for it was offered at an American Legation in Europe as proof of citizenship with the plausible explanation that its possessor had had no intention originally of going to Roumania, and when unexpectedly this became necessary for business purposes, was surprised to learn that a passport was required. The letter of credit was returned to the banker and the passport cancelled. The unpopularity of the Jew in Roumania is partly explained by the fact that practically the entire area of the pre-war kingdom was owned by some two thousand proprietors who as absentee landlords administered their holdings mostly through Jewish bailiffs.

The American Minister himself had his ex-

perience with this *permis de séjour*. Shortly after settling in Rolle, a cantonal official called and asked for this document without which he declared no alien, whatever his title or dignity, could reside in Vaud. He was utterly unable to see anything beyond the indisputable facts that I was a foreigner and had no passport, and was persuaded with difficulty to consult the Federal authorities. After a few days he returned with embarrassingly profuse apologies to express the hope that I would honor the Canton of Vaud by remaining the rest of my life — as, indeed, to the extent of two happy years, we did.

5

Outwardly Berne bore little resemblance in 1900 to a national capital. There was nothing imposing in the Federal Capitol or other public buildings, and business was transacted in a simple, straightforward manner with a promptness in refreshing contrast to Persia. In speaking of a business-like manner, we imply a direct and genuine simplicity of procedure not always found elsewhere in the exchange of diplomatic notes. In a sense Berne, as the home of the International Unions, such as the International Telegraph and International Postal Union is an

international as well as national capital; yet so smoothly and unobtrusively are these interests administered that the stranger in its quiet streets would never suspect the importance of the operations going on in this bit of neutralized territory.

The director of the International Cable and Telegraph Union, Emil Frey, who represented Switzerland at Washington in 1882–88 and was President of the Swiss Confederation in 1893, told me that, while serving in the 24th Illinois Infantry during the Civil War, he was present when his command was reviewed by President Lincoln. He said nothing could be more laughable from a military point of view than was the spectacle of Mr. Lincoln's gaunt figure and tall silk hat as he rode down the line, his long legs dangling from his horse; "but," he added, "we were all nearer tears than laughter — for this man was the pathetic incarnation of the tragedy through which the Republic was passing."

An eminently practical people, the Swiss have ventured upon some political experiments which might well have proved dangerous in a larger political laboratory. Secure in the neutrality guaranteed her by the Congress of Vienna, she has been quietly putting to the test of practice,

theories and problems whose solution promises to prove of great value to the world at large.

The sound judgment and shrewd common sense so generally found in the bourgeois classes must have been highly amused by the note of the Berlin Foreign Office congratulating the Swiss Government on the announcement of its neutrality in the Great War. If German military exigencies had made it expedient to violate Swiss instead of Belgian territory, this congratulatory message would have been addressed to Brussels and the solemn pledge of Swiss neutrality would have been the "scrap of paper."

Of all Swiss political experiments the most interesting has been the effort to secure through the Referendum and the Initiative direct government by the people. A literally direct exercise of the legislative power, without any delegation thereof to representatives, has never been completely realized in practice, the representative principle always appearing either in the administration of the finances, the making of treaties, or the revision of laws. By the Referendum, however, the people reserve the right to approve or reject the decisions of their representatives, and by the Initiative to abolish existing laws or propose new ones. Both these

devices, therefore, act as counterpoises to delegated power and seem admirably adapted to secure a more direct and immediate realization of the people's will.

As is always the case when theory is put in practice, we encounter that marplot which deranges the most ideally perfect machinery and disappoints the hopes of the reformer, human nature, which, absorbed in individual affairs, has neither the will, the time, nor the capacity to pass judgment on any but the simplest measures. In some respects, Swiss experience with these devices has failed to justify the fears of their adversaries, notably in the hostility shown by the voters to centralization, to large expenditures of the public money, and, curiously enough, to the radical tendencies of those whom they have chosen to represent them; but it is not clear that any real progress has been made in remedying the defects of representative government.

6

ALTHOUGH nearer now to Paris than to Vienna, it was to the latter our steps always turned when leaves of absence came round. It had been so long our base for repairs and pleasures that our sunny rooms in the "Bristol," facing the Ring,

and our many friends there, made Vienna really homelike. Berlin, pompous, arrogant after three victorious wars, failed to attract us. Its modernity had no charm. It possessed none of the picturesque features of old Paris or old Vienna. Even the few quaint reminders of its past had been swept away in its feverish haste to eclipse its rivals, as if repaving its streets and erecting costly buildings was sufficient to wrest from the city on the Danube its imperial title of Kaiserstadt or the supremacy in art and fashion from the city on the Seine. Its self-assertion, like the insolent vulgarity of the newly rich, repelled. Why should any one who possessed a sense of humor and a tolerably cheerful optimism desire to be constantly reminded that he belonged to an inferior and decadent race? To the song of the Prussian Siren on the banks of the Spree we turned a deaf ear.

One of the great attractions of Vienna was its music, perhaps no better than that of other musical centres, but enjoyed under far less irksome conditions. From our corner on the Kärtner Strasse across the street to the Operntheater on the opposite corner was but a step. No matter what the weather, the carriage or motor, which in New York involves either the

sacrifice of the last act or a tedious wait in the lobby, was eliminated. Many people accept the elision both of the first act for the sake of the after-dinner coffee and cigar, and the last act for the sake of the quick exit, with the complacency of the parson who announces: "We will omit in singing the first and last verses." With such I have no quarrel, for I owe to them some precious though mutilated fragments. But I prefer the whole to any of its parts.

Opera in Vienna had other advantages. Our orchestra chairs in the second row on the left of the conductor — Mahler or Weingartner — made no serious demand on the pocketbook, even when a musical debauch extended over an entire week, Sunday included. I say *musical* advisedly, because after supper in the brilliant restaurant of the "Bristol," where society gathered after the opera, and where we lingered for the lighter music of the Hungarian orchestra, we were astonished to find it was but eleven o'clock when retiring. Midnight, after a long Wagner opera, was the exception. In Madrid all evening performances began usually at nine, or even later, making both theatre and opera a veritable dissipation, against which Madrileños themselves protested — giving rise to the famous munici-

pal ordinance fixing the opening hour as "half-past eight or at least a quarter to nine."

The attitude of a Vienna audience was also noteworthy. The opera was in no sense a society function, and there was none of that applause often heard elsewhere interrupting the continuity and marring the artistic effect of the rendition. It was in Madrid, not Vienna, that a lady in an adjoining box once said to me, "They make so much noise on the stage we can't hear each other talk." It was in the Español of Madrid also that Coquelin of the Théatre Français, exasperated by the buzz of conversation, rang down the curtain in the middle of an act. So few in the audience seemed aware that it was the middle and not the end, that Wiesnewsky, Secretary of the Austrian Embassy, rose indignantly from his seat in the second row of the orchestra, and, facing the house, shouted, "Idiots! Idiots!" at the top of his voice.

The scope and variety of the Vienna repertory added greatly to the pleasure of the transient visitor who could not wait for a favorite. In 1901, of twenty-three operas heard in thirty-one consecutive days only four were repetitions, and in 1910, from March 8th to April 3d, seventeen were heard with no duplication. It is to be

noted also that either an opera or ballet was given daily, Sundays included. Except on certain gala occasions, when the presence of Royalty fills the auditorium with diplomatic and military splendor, no house equals New York for uniform brilliancy, nor does any surpass it in lavishness of scenery or general excellence of orchestra, chorus, and artists. Yet opera in Vienna was far more enjoyable.

CHAPTER IX

I

How amazingly early the rover spirit stirs in the heart of a boy! He cannot plead the need of better hunting which impelled primitive man to seek new homes, nor the urge of any of those imperative necessities which set in motion the hordes of the great migrations of history. As yet he does not even know of those bold spirits who hazarded life and fortune in the search for new continents and fabled treasure. But the inheritance from these his ancestors stirs in the deeps of consciousness, and then, alas! an elder brother or the local policeman brings his glorious adventure to an ignominious end!

Were I asked to name the proximate cause of my first desire to break the bondage of love and escape the monotony of mere food and raiment, I should specify the cupola of our country house overlooking Massachusetts Bay; for from this watch-tower I saw the white-winged ships creep up against the sky from realms of mystery beyond the water line.

This was before telegraph and cable, when the first arrival from China or the Mediterranean

captured the market, and the net result of years of absence was of vast import to the owner. I can see now the grizzled old sea captain seated in the State Street office, nervously adjusting his spectacles, his clumsy fingers unfolding the voluminous manifest preparatory to plunging into the labyrinth of detail, and hear my father's peremptory words, "Bottom line! Bottom line!" Cargoes were not sold in those days on Long Wharf before they were loaded in Malaga, and the long hours spent in that cupola watching for the leader in the race carrying at its masthead my father's private signal had much to do with the awakening of primeval instincts. It is true that a silver dollar was the reward of discovery, but that sordid compensation was as nothing in comparison with the joy of that little boy when the red arrow, flanked by two red diamonds, was seen fluttering in the field of the telescope. Had not that arrow been loosed between the Pillars of Hercules?

Wonderful, indeed, was that living thing beating up the bay under jib and reefed mainsail, or gliding stately and majestic with spreading studding-sails, superior to calms as it had been disdainful of tempests. How breathlessly the glass was focussed and how impatiently the

moment awaited when the red arrow should appear blood-red above the towering mass of canvas, or perchance ragged and riven, but triumphant, home at last from the Enchanted Isles!

In that cupola I came to know personally all those bearers of the gleaming arrow, giving to each its name and envying all. What names they had! the Wild Gazelle, the Wild Rover, the Young Rover, the Ocean Pearl, the Mountain Wave, the Bounding Billow, the Conquest, the Young Turk, the Young Greek, and not less suggestive, the Cowper, named after my father's favorite poet, who also sighed "for a lodge in some vast wilderness," and the Kleber, after his most admired of Napoleon's generals. Surely, something more than greed of gain christened those ships!

I have recently traced as far as possible the after life of these sea warriors, nearly all of whom died in harness. The record reads like the casualty list of some great land battle. The Wild Gazelle, foundered in a hurricane; the Ocean Pearl, lost off Zanzibar; the Young Greek in the China seas, and the Young Turk in the fog on the rocks of Nova Scotia; a namesake who succeeded the latter, run down by an Anchor steamer,

sunk in the Straits of Gibraltar; the Wild Rover came home to find a grave in the sands of Long Island; and, curiously enough, the Granite, named after the sea-green granite of the neighboring Quincy quarries, was burned to the water's edge while loading cotton; the Mountain Wave, sold as a whaler, was last heard of in Bering Sea, and the Daniel Webster, flying the red arrow under charter, ended life as a receiving ship off the coast of Africa.

Stirring scenes accounted for my final dash for liberty. In 1863 two older brothers were off for the war. Scarcely were the flags and music gone, when a boy of sixteen, fired by example and undaunted by experience, faced the recruiting sergeant with flushed face but unblushing conscience. Misstatements as to the trifling matter of age were wasted on that hard-hearted sergeant, and once more entombed in the prison-house of home and Dixwell's School the culprit was forced to be content with the promise of West Point if he would restrain his patriotic ardor for maturer years. By such featherweights of childish fancy is the dip of the scales of life determined!

Memories of these things came to mind one morning in Rolle when a cablegram was brought

to the breakfast table. It contained a single word: *Congratulations.* What for? We looked at each other and wondered. The morning "Journal de Genève" brought the answer. We were transferred to Spain.

It was in the maintop of the bark Young Turk that I read, thirty-nine years before, Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" and Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," on a record voyage of fourteen days from Boston Light to the Rock, and, consigned like the cargo of staves below deck to an old friend and business correspondent of my father, made my first acquaintance with Spain.

2

I HAVE endeavored to describe elsewhere the guide into whose hands I was committed for a part of the three months between two voyages of the Young Turk. Tall, gaunt, yellow, and wrinkled of skin, his eyes alive with keen satiric humor, of many tongues, few words and many gestures, yet dignified by a resignation which had bowed to destiny, he humored his young charge as might an indulgent father. What was he, Jew or Gentile, Moor or Spaniard? Something of all, a blend of many races, shrewd, proud, superior to food and sleep so long as a cigarette

remained, dropping his *perro chico* in the box under the Virgin of the street corner, lest perchance it might after all be true, feared of beggars and known to every innkeeper, such was the man with whom I set out one evening for the conquest of the Reino de Andalucía, that "strip of Africa sewn on to the skirt of the continent." In the banquette of the lumbering diligence to Granada our friendship that night was definitely cemented. Having given me his shoulder for a pillow during half the night, he tapped me gently and without further explanation laid his head on mine and was instantly asleep. Thus comradeship began. I do not believe that amid the novel experiences of that night journey, perched up above the six mules under the stars, that boy really slept at all. For Antonio it was like life itself, an old story in which he took a languid interest. Very keen he was in his quiet way in exacting the full equivalent of every peseta, less, I think, from avarice or any lofty regard for my purse than from pride in his omniscient knowledge of what the exact equivalent of every peseta was. Was he honest? If not, he atoned by sharing my pennies with the omnipresent beggar who commended him daily to the mercy of God.

If there were Grand Hotels in Granada at that

time, we knew them not. Antonio's taste ran to *posadas*, such as the then humble one on the hill of the Alhambra under the Torre de los Siete Suelos, whose cheerful kitchen was more homelike and comforting than any room I have since known in the grand *fondas* of Spain. So far as I could discover, Antonio had no other abiding-place. There I found him in the morning, where I had left him at night.

In those days Government supervision was less strict. Whether owing to that fact or to some masterful influence of Antonio, no permit *por estudiar* was required of us; the Red Castle was ours at will and the cigarette ends of Antonio strewed its marble courts. While over the water a great war was consolidating a new world, I read of old wars, the passing of an empire, and sat far later into the night than was permitted in Boston in the Torre de la Vela high above the city and the twinkling lights of the plain. Few who have seen the view from that tower can resist the temptation to describe it. It is not only intrinsically one of the most entrancing, it is also haunted by memories and associations whose spell is equally irresistible. It remains undimmed in memory when the romance and glamour of the Alhambra itself has faded before a

more sober criticism than was possible for a lad carried away by the ballads of Lockhart and Irving's weave of fact and fancy.

Twice in after years I revisited the Red Castle, to realize how much it owed to its incomparable situation and romantic associations, and how little beyond their strange fantastic religion its builders have contributed to the world. Coming from his desert home, a sword in one hand, a religion in the other, the Arab deserves better of mankind than the northern barbarian who plunged Europe in darkness, for he assimilated and preserved what the other destroyed, but he added little that was original or inspiring to the sum of human knowledge. Without a literature or an art of his own, face to face with the thought and monuments of a spendid but dying civilization, he was ever the roving, plundering Bedouin, leaving upon all with which he came in contact, and which he appropriated, the impress of his national genius, but giving no decided or fruitful impetus to progress of any kind. His philosophy, wittily described as "the flight into Egypt," was Greek speculation clothed in a Semitic language. His romances never rose above the level of the chronicler. In medicine he hardly advanced beyond his Greek masters, while his re-

pugnance to dissection and anatomy left surgery at a standstill. With minor exceptions his mathematics can be traced to Indian sources or the Alexandrian school of Diophantus. Forbidden to represent in any form the human figure, sculpture was unknown to him. In architecture, seizing upon whatever he found in the countries he overran, modifying the forms of arch and tower and dome, and above all covering interior surfaces with a marvellously intricate system of geometrical ornamentation, but destitute of structural ingenuity or invention, he contributed nothing structurally original to the art, which became in his hands a sort of by-product, outside the main line of progressive development.

Guides of another sort than Antonio were those who dogged my footsteps on subsequent visits, loquacious as he was taciturn, and forbidden by edict to leave me alone because of the vandalism of my predecessors. One suffers thus for the sins of the stranger, as well as for those of the ancestor. I remember well my dismay and mortification when the special privileges I enjoyed in the National Library of Paris were temporarily withdrawn because engravings had been abstracted from a priceless volume by a member of that fraternity which scribbles their names on

the lions of the Alhambra and pockets a tile from the Tocador de la Reina.

3

On the homeward voyage of the Young Turk, while hove-to off the Western Islands, I fell ill, of what no one ever knew exactly, but the ship's medicine chest was empty when we sighted Boston Light. Conscientious Captain Small had refused the convalescent the Malaga grapes he longed for. Cargoes could be jettisoned in dire peril, but were not to be tampered with for a boy's whim. O the glorious moment when I heard my father's reprimand, "The next time a son of mine is on your ship, if he wants the bowsprit, give it to him!"

As I stir these deeps of memory, strange things float up to the surface, flotsam and jetsam, trash and treasure, stored away, to change the simile, in the attic of the brain with the haphazard futility and lack of discrimination which fills a boy's pocket. My oldest brother avers that in his early youth there hung in a closet a stick of Japanese lacquer which contained a formidable assortment of tingling sensations. If so, it must be ascribed to the maiden efforts, later abandoned, of the young mother to fix signposts at

the crossings where the paths of virtue and sin diverge; for in my time neither my father nor mother practised corporeal punishment in any form. Signposts of some sort were doubtless needed, for I recall certain departures from strict veracity, *cul-de-sacs* into which Innocence, not yet knowing good from evil, darts when fear or conscience troubles.

Coming home one day in a battered condition after being thrown from my pony, I explained that a paper, blown from a passing wagon, had frightened "Tom," whereas that patient animal had been rendered crazy by a pair of spurs purloined from the room of an older brother, spurs I had been unable to keep out of Tom's flanks. Most regretted of all these deceptions is the silence maintained when a hemorrhage was suspected, the truth being that in an encounter with a schoolmate a pencil had been driven into my throat. Bitter atonement followed. For years the supposedly delicate boy was swathed from the night air in a detested muffler and denied many of the pleasures enjoyed by his brothers. Forgotten is the crime which grieved my father, but not the remark that I would never appreciate his feelings till I stood related to another as he stood to me. Mysterious words of cryptic import!

That memory should hoard these trifles is no more to be explained than its refusal to treasure the precepts and homilies destined for my good. If I could catalogue seriatim, as Mr. Adams has done, the mistakes made in my education, I could not honestly charge them to the account of those who had my welfare more in mind and heart than I myself. If such mistakes there were. I am inclined to believe that, given the educational and religious conditions of the day, they were unavoidable. But West Point was not one of them. To the immature boy, floundering aimlessly among Latin terminations and Greek roots, it was a cold but invigorating bath. Good Dr. Nehemiah Adams, who knelt with me in prayer to ask the divine blessing on the boy about to leave the influences of home and Boston, little dreamed that in that ungodly school I was to be brought for the first time under the inspiring control of a morality, an *esprit de corps*, a tradition of right conduct, and a sense of responsibility to self and one's associates, as well as to authority, far exceeding all that I had ever experienced in the square pew of the meeting-house. Aside from the natural aversion of a boy to the tasks and confinement of school and church, I recall nothing really hateful or penitential in

their enforced requirements. So far as church was concerned, its influence was emotional or intellectual rather than religious. The church bell to-day has the power so to reproduce the solemn stillness of the communion hour that I can hear the gurgle of the sacramental wine as the deacons poured it into the silver goblets. The eloquence of certain sermons, as, for example, the famous discourse of Professor Park on Peter, moved me profoundly — exciting sympathy to the point of tears for the erring disciple, while leaving conscience untroubled. At that age one is not easily convicted of sin. Then there was the doctrinal sermon, holding attention as in a vise, carrying one along fascinated by an irresistible logic to an inescapable conclusion, as a carpenter nail by nail drives home a board. Given *this*, *that* follows: but, incapable as I was of passing judgment on the premise, the conclusion carried no conviction. It was only an intellectual *tour de force*. Such emotional or intellectual impressions do not necessarily affect motive or character profoundly, whereas, in passing through the sally-port of cadet barracks as a "plebe," I felt instantly the moulding hand of a master potter. Discipline there undoubtedly was in Dr. Taylor's Andover recitation room, but discipline unrelated

to life and therefore uninspiring, having in one hand the unfailing consequences of neglect in the form of punishment, and in the other — nothing. That celebrated teacher's principal object seemed to be the getting of the maximum possible out of us and the putting of the minimum possible into us — the maximum of answers to technical questions of grammar and construction and the minimum of enthusiasm for the literature thus dissected. What else could be done with a confessedly dead language but dissect the corpse! With the discipline of the Military Academy came for the first time a vision of an imminent future, a realization of the necessity for preparedness, and a consequent determination, not to say enthusiasm, which went far to mitigate its rigors.

4

THERE hangs in my library a sheet of music entitled "A la Nuit," by Gounod, a souvenir of a precious hour with the master at his house in the suburbs of Paris, when, sitting at his piano, he sang that song, of which both words and music were his own, in the trembling voice of the old man who was already very near to "night":

"Nuit sereine, O nuit bienfaisante!
Toi si chère aux tourments secrets!"

At its close, passing to his writing-table, he signed his name on the sheet under the words: "From the Musician to the Savant." I smile when my eyes fall on that last word, in recollection of the hours when, much against inclination, I was forced to buckle down to a subject which under other conditions I am inclined to think I should have decided was detestable and beyond my powers, and which therefore I should have discarded had it been feasible for an easier or more agreeable lecture course in some History 2 or Greek Art 1. Most of us will agree with the philosopher, cited by Proclus, who, commenting on Euclid's proposition that one side of a triangle is less than the sum of the other two, affirmed that the very asses in the street would admit it without demonstration, admitting also, in retrospection, that we benefited more by the proof of that obvious truth than by its intuitive perception. Use reveals some intellectual muscles whose very existence were otherwise unknown. Also, at the sight of that last word which Gounod employed so lightly with truly Gallic facility of expression, one grows modest at the thought of those giants like Sturm, whose theory of roots he tells us stared him in the face when he was making experiments on the pendulum; or

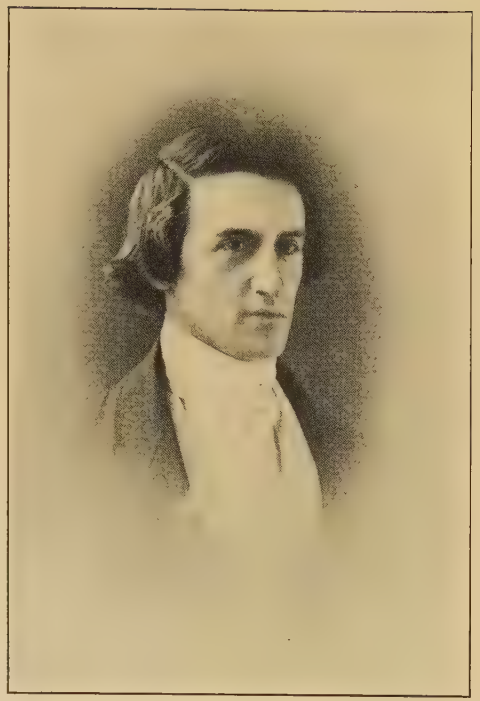
Hamilton, upon whom the magic symbols of the Quaternian Calculus flashed one day when taking his morning walk; or Leibnitz, and those other giants on whose pages occur so often the words, "Whence we easily see," spanning gaps in the logical sequence which were bridged with such difficulty by "savants" whose reasoning faculties were not provided at birth with seven-leagued boots.

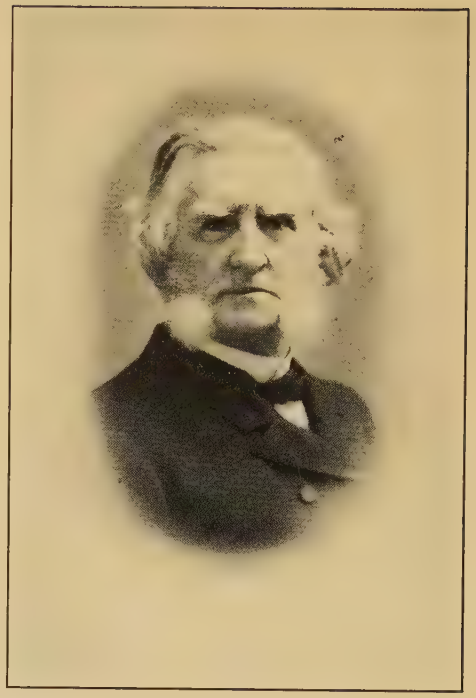
5

BEFORE speaking of my father, I would first quote what I have said in another connection:

"It is sometimes saddening to think that a long life of unrecorded benefactions should have no memorial. Yet this thought is not true to fact. No word of a loving heart, no act of a helpful hand, is lost; and their results, as wrought into the lives of men, are worthier memorials than the page which rehearses them or the tablet which commemorates them. Still, in the preparation of these pages, which necessarily record one act of a life which, to those who know it, was but the sum of such, it has been a pleasure to the son to throw as it were this side-light upon a noble nature without violating a father's wishes."[1]

[1] Preface to *Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima.*





ALPHEUS HARDY AT TWENTY-NINE AND IN LATER YEARS

When writing these words I was mindful, as I am now, of my father's aversion to everything of the nature of a biography of himself. Once, at a dinner where Oliver Wendell Holmes was the guest of honor, I was called upon to pay my tribute to one who had been introduced as the Nestor of American Literature. Fain would I have pleaded, as did a Greek mathematician in a like emergency, "What I can say is not appropriate, and what is appropriate I cannot say." But when I sat down, Holmes's hand stole under the tablecloth to pat my knee as he whispered: "We all love praise, don't we!" Undoubtedly, but not too much. Sitting before the library fire I have seen my father lay down one of those thin volumes of *post-mortem* praise bearing the gilt inscription, *In Memoriam*, with the significant comment, "What a pity!"

My recollections of our earlier relations require no particular mention. It was in later years that we grew closest together, and in still later ones that I realized the steady, broadening growth of his attitude toward life. He was a product of what may be called the youth of the Republic. Fortunately, while yet comparatively young, before the provincial and narrowing influences of primitive New England could close

upon him, he went abroad on the deck of one of his own ships, travelling extensively in Europe and the East, to realize how small was his Boston world, and that New England theology was not the exclusive factor in a world's development. In this larger life and outlook he never lost his anchors, but in steering his own course under his own stars of faith he imposed no rigid rules on the course of others. Upon myself and brothers his influence was one of character and example, never of preaching or commandment. Uninterested in the theatre or cards, he forbade us neither. I recall my boyish disappointment when, having persuaded him to accompany me to a negro minstrel entertainment, it failed to amuse him. Yet, after meeting Booth, the charm of that great actor's personality made him an occasional occupant of a seat before the footlights. Indulgence in these and other similar directions, which in those days were under the ban, he forbore out of respect to the trusts he held and what was then a critical public opinion. The sacrifice, if such it was, cost him little, for he had other resources.

My mother loved to tell the story of his coming home one day from the office and saying, "I would give twenty dollars for a good cigar."

Going up into what was known as the "boys' parlor," she succeeded in finding one, and exacted the price. As a sequel to this incident was his reply to a neighbor at a public dinner who asked, when the cigars were passed, "Don't you smoke, Mr. Hardy?" "Only twenty-dollar cigars!"

Long after his death I read in a leading Boston paper an editorial on a current event, closing with the words: "Such things would not have happened in the days of Alpheus Hardy." It was a tribute, not only to him, but to the days whose best characteristics he typified, before the submerging tide of immigration swept over New England, before the growth of wealth, the opening of the West, the coming of mills and railways, and the passing of the supremacy of the old-time merchant marine had transformed for all time the social, economic, and political life of Boston.

He had an intense but impersonal pride in the integrity of the business world, and a corresponding distrust of theological controversy. That tempest in the theological teapot known as the "Andover Controversy," which agitated Congregational New England when he was a trustee at Andover and Amherst and chairman of the Prudential Committee of the American

Board for Foreign Missions, saddened him. I have heard him say, after returning from a meeting of the Prudential Committee, which was at that time undertaking to act as the final arbiter of doctrine, "Such things would not be tolerated in a Board of Directors in State Street."

With his aversion to the arrogance of intolerance, there was in his fine reserve the evidence of a profound respect for personal liberty and the sanctity of individual thinking. Looking back upon our intercourse together, the fact that we never argued one with another is proof both of our nearness and our distance apart. Interest in futile speculations, which I had lost, I think he never had. Nothing in his reading, which was wide, indicated it. His refuge was the rock of elemental faith, mine "the fertile field of ascertainable facts." To contend over the relative advantages of such widely differing mental states were an idle task. They have no common measure.

When in Rome for the second time, during a visit to the studio of a sculptor of note in those days, he expressed surprise that sculpture had not more frequently, like painting, drawn its inspiration from the Bible instead of from mythology. A year later, returning from the East, on revisiting the same studio he found several

models in plaster from Bible history, among them Jephthah's daughter going forth "with timbrels and with dances" to meet her father, and a group, two thirds life-size, of the wise and foolish virgins — the former a seated figure, soberly robed, shielding with one hand the flame of her lamp and looking up into the face of her improvident sister, a standing figure of exquisite grace, with filletted brow and richly chased girdle, the lovely outstretched arm appealing for the oil lacking in her neglected lamp.

Reproduced in marble, it used to stand in a small room opening out of the drawing-room of the Boston home before whose fire one evening Oliver Wendell Holmes sat with my father. Looking between the curtains into the adjoining room Holmes suddenly exclaimed:

"She ought to have given her some!"

"Hold on a moment," said my father, "let us see about that. Two men have notes to pay on January 1st. One pursues his ordinary way of living, enjoys his cigar, his club, his theatre, and horses; the other by retrenchment and sacrifice manages to accumulate the amount of his debt and is ready to meet his obligation. On December 31st his neighbor comes to borrow. Now, remember, *there is not enough for both.*"

thus set me right on that point, she proceeded with disarming frankness to set me right as to Spanish character. "We care nothing for diplomats as diplomats, so you need not envy the gold lace. Your success will not depend upon gold lace nor suffer from your *habit noir*." This sprightly lady's test of success was measurably reassuring, for we had heard not a little of the bitterness and aloofness which linger after an unsuccessful war. I hasten to add that in our social relations we encountered nothing which was not entitled to respect or surmounted with common tact. There is a graciousness not devoid of dignity in the Spanish character of all classes from the friendly intimacy of the peasant to the proud humility of the King.

2

In some unpleasant particulars the Russian Ambassador, M. Schevitch, now dead, was the most notable member of the Diplomatic Body in Madrid. Of mordant wit and, on occasion, overbearing manner, it could not in truth be said that he was the favorite of his colleagues. He had left behind him in Tokyo that caustic definition of Japanese civilization, "*C'est une traduction mal faite*" — one of those half-truths whose bril-

liancy is bought at the expense of the other half. That he had not formed a very just estimate of the civilization thus characterized may be inferred from the remark made to the young King on the occasion of a reception at the Palace. It was the eve of the Russo-Japanese War. The King, discharging with his customary tact the difficult task of saying a few pertinent words to each as he passed down the Diplomatic line, expressed to Schevitch the hope that there would be no trouble in the East. "Your Majesty," replied the Ambassador, "one does not fight with monkeys, one massacres them." If his Japanese colleague, M. Akabané, a little below in the line, heard this remark, he could well afford a few months later to forgive if not forget it.

In a conversation with this most interesting but sometimes dictatorial colleague after the fall of one of the short-lived Spanish Ministries, I happened to say that I should miss from the Foreign Office one whom I had invariably found so sympathetic and broad-minded.

"Humph! broad-shouldered!" was the abrupt reply.

Quite different in character were the genial German Ambassador Radowitz, without a trace of Prussianism, and the Nuncio, Monseigneur

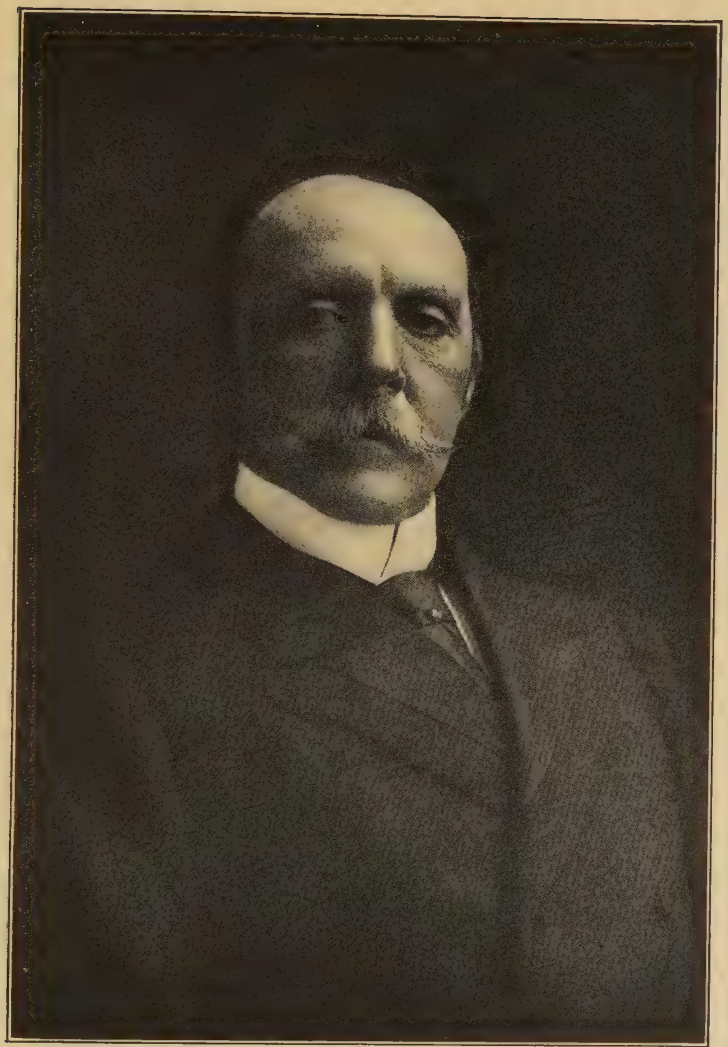
Rinaldini, as in all Catholic countries the *ex-officio* Dean of the Diplomatic Body, delightful in reminiscence and loving dearly a quiet hour over a biscuit and glass of port.

There were also Cambon, fresh from Washington and destined to trying hours in Berlin in 1914; Durand, our colleague in Persia, followed, when transferred to Washington, by Egerton from Athens, and later, by Sir Arthur Nicolson.

One of the most interesting of Spanish officials was the veteran Marquis de Zarco, First Introducer of Ambassadors, a delightful *raconteur* who asked nothing better than to give rein to recollections of the days when the Spanish Envoy to Austria made the journey from Madrid to Vienna in his private coach. He had a fund of anecdotes, one of which he never failed to relate for the benefit of those whom he was conducting to the Palace for the presentation of their credentials:

"You will place your foot very lightly and cautiously on the carriage-step, otherwise, like His Excellency M. ——, you will be precipitated into the interior in a manner more amusing to the spectators than agreeable to yourself."

A glance at the mode of suspension of the carriage-body was sufficient to confirm the timeliness of this caution.



SIR MORTIMER DURAND

It was to the Marquis that all dubious questions of etiquette were referred. Rules of precedence trouble little the democratic mind, but until that far-distant day when all differences of rank and station shall have disappeared, they are indispensable.

I remember a luncheon given by an American lady in Geneva to Madame, at which the latter was placed on the right of the hostess. The seat on her left was given to an English lady, the wife of a diplomat who for many reasons was entitled to precedence. She smiled understandingly and reassuringly as Madame hesitated a moment before the seat assigned her.

"But the luncheon was given for *you!*" explained the hostess subsequently.

It was a relief in Madrid, where certain questions of precedence were in dispute, to shelter one's self behind the amiable person and authority of the Marquis. It is only when conflicting claims of precedence have not been definitely adjudicated that trouble arises. One is always contented if one is in one's right place, whether that place be the first or the last.

One of the most painful experiences for all concerned occurred at a dinner given in the —— Legation, when a lady-in-waiting of the

Queen was given precedence over the wife of the Russian Ambassador. It was not a very agreeable dinner, for the coming storm was plainly visible to all the guests. Immediately on rising from the table, the Ambassador gave his arm to his wife and, bowing to the hostess, withdrew with the remark: "*Quand on ne sait pas donner un diner on ne dérange pas les gens.*"

There were two officials in the Foreign Office whose names differed only by a single letter, and a dinner invitation was by mistake delivered to the owner of the extra letter. It was an embarrassing moment when an entire stranger appeared just before dinner was announced, for the problem of discovering his rank and rearranging at the last minute the seating of thirty persons was perturbing. Fortunately, my nimble secretary discovered that the bearer of the name with the final vowel and his confrère without it were of identical rank, and no one but ourselves was the wiser for the error.

Not all incumbents of the Foreign Office were as broad-minded as my broad-shouldered friend above mentioned. Extracts from an American yellow journal, forwarded from the Spanish Legation in Washington, were one morning solemnly produced from a desk drawer with the

comment that it was impossible to understand how a friendly Government could tolerate misrepresentations affecting the character of the head of a state with which it professed the desire to live at peace. Misrepresentations they certainly were of the most flagrant kind, purporting to describe the lack of respect shown by the boy King for his Royal mother, whereas no fact was better known in Madrid than the scrupulous courtesy and unfailing respect shown on all occasions by the King for the Queen Mother. It was difficult to make clear to an Under-Secretary, for whom the suppression of a newspaper was no novelty, that similar methods of curbing an irresponsible press were unknown beyond the Atlantic. One may pardon irritation on the part of a sensitive official who had just received from Washington a request for the plans made by Spanish engineers for the improvement of the lost harbor of Manila!

3

THE fashionable drive of Madrid was in the gardens of the Buen Retiro, a park laid out by the Duke of Olivares for the diversion of Philip IV. Here in the late afternoon and early evening four rows of carriages crept at a snail's pace for hours,

4

THE fact that all efforts to transplant the bull-fight have proved unsuccessful is suggestive. Its adoption by the colonies has been half-hearted, and its invasion of Southern France a failure. It remains, therefore, what it has always been, a Spanish institution, deep-rooted, and thus far ineradicable. More or less serious attempts to abolish it have recoiled before popular resistance. Abolition by Royal decree, like all premature enactments unsupported by public sentiment, has been ineffective. There are indications that time and conscience and education are slowly undermining it, but the moving streams of gayly attired and excited humanity on the Alcalá, from the Puerta del Sol to the Plaza de Toros on any Sunday after Easter, is proof that its hold on the affections of the populace is undiminished.

The *aficionado*, resentful of criticism, points to the prize-fight, now masquerading under rules which modify its brutalities, but leave an opponent stretched unconscious and sometimes permanently disabled or dying in the ring. The Anglo-Saxon lover of fair play retorts that the pugilist enters the ring voluntarily, that the best

man wins, whereas the bull, an unwilling victim, is foredoomed to torture and death.

As a spectacle it is tremendously stirring. The courage and skill displayed by man, the desperate but unequal battle for life of the bull, are beyond all question a magnificent and moving exhibition of cool judgment and skill matched with brute force. But the duel is unequal, for though the bravery may be equal the stupid brute brain, deceived, and diverted at every stage from the real enemy by a gaudy rag, is hopelessly outclassed. The color and magnitude of the *mise-en-scène* is wonderful. The appeal of physical courage to admiration is commensurate with the danger involved, and danger is ever present. If certain pitiful sufferings of innocent participants were eliminated, much criticism would be disbarred. Here again the *aficionado* points out that they are a necessary complement of the game. The bull must be tired out before the *espada* confronts him. He must exhaust his strength on the horse of the *picador*, lose blood and vitality from the thrust of the *picador's* iron-shod pike and the barbed darts of the *banderillas*, must be winded by countless rushes at the tantalizing *capa*, must, in short, stand baffled, panting and discouraged, though still dangerous,

before the blade of the *espada*, else the final act of the play would be rash presumption. To face the bull when he first enters the arena in the plenitude of his strength would be little short of suicide.

The determination of the traveller to witness the spectacle he condemns is a curious commentary on the inconsistency of human nature. One of the unofficial duties of the Legation was to smooth the way for friends and visitors to a box in the shade on Sunday afternoon. One performance, oftener one act of the drama, was sufficient to glut curiosity and clinch a judgment previously formed. Yet I never had the heart to thwart the wishes even of the gentler sex, for the spectacle and the emotion are unique among human experiences.

There is a science, or, if you will, an art of bull-killing called "tauromachy," and with the desire to master in some degree its theory I once enlisted the services of a veteran *aficionado* and sat under his instruction in the first row behind the *barrera*. His cardinal precept, like that given the novice in golf, was, "Keep your eye on the bull," advice both seasonable and pertinent, for the tendency of the eye is to wander off to various gory incidents which have no bearing on the real development or understanding of the tragedy.

Past-master of the art, he knew the character of each of the six bulls the moment they bounded from darkness into the blinding light of the arena, prophesied with amazing accuracy the aggressive and defensive tactics of each, knew personally every *espada* and the members of his *cuadrilla*, throwing a flood of light on the various passes and feints of the chief actors. Most astonishing was the unerring precision with which he foresaw the manœuvres of the *espada* when killing the bull: "Now watch — the *muleta* is under the right arm — he will advance, smother the face with it, deliver the *estocada* from the right and side-step to the left"; or, "The head is too low, he will stand his ground and invite the bull to charge."

I gained much wisdom with little pleasure, and with this one lesson in tauromachy my zest for the Plaza de Toros died.

A Spanish bull, carefully bred and trained for death, sometimes saves his life by a display of valor that melts the public heart. Such escapes are miracles that warrant special mention in the annals of tauromachy. More frequently the slightest disposition to evade fate, whether from cowardice or from some glimmering suspicion of the brute brain that the issue is vital and that

the part of wisdom is to husband his resources and stand on the defensive, brings insult and perhaps ignominious rejection as an unworthy antagonist incapable of making a creditable fight for life.

Spanish opinion as to the reward befitting a gallant bull is best exemplified by Philip IV at a fête given him by Olivares. The entire animal kingdom had been scoured, or, as Quevedo expresses it, "the whole ark of Noah" had been drawn upon to provide combatants for the contest staged by this purveyor of Royal pleasures. That lion, bear, and tiger should in turn be vanquished by a Spanish bull, sole survivor in the arena, so delighted His Catholic Majesty that he called for his gun and dispatched the victor by his own hand. "The bull of Marathon," the chronicler goes on to say, "was not more valiant, nor did Theseus who slew him win greater glory than our potent Sovereign." To put the matter beyond all dispute, either on the part of the bull or the critical reader of this exploit, he adds: "Unwilling that a beast which had behaved so bravely should go unrewarded, His Majesty determined to do him the greatest favor that the animal himself could have possibly desired had he been gifted with reason, to wit, to slay him with his own Royal hand."

CHAPTER XI

I

In 1904, besides the Queen Mother and the King, who was not then married, the Royal Family comprised the King's two sisters, the Infantas Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, and Maria Theresa, and his three aunts, the Infantas Isabella, Paz, and Eulalia. During the Regency, the eldest of the three aunts, the Infanta Isabella, resided in the Palace, and, except when sharing the exile of her mother, the ex-Queen Isabella, she has been a constant resident of Madrid, where, by reason of her thoroughly Spanish character and sympathies, she was extremely popular. The second aunt, the Infanta Paz, had married Prince Ludwig Fernando of Bavaria, well known also as a practising physician and surgeon, and lived at Nymphenburg, near Munich. They visited Madrid in my day with their young son, the Prince Fernando, who in 1906 married his cousin, the King's younger sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa. After leaving the service, we saw them again at Nymphenburg, whose homely German comfort was in striking contrast with the ceremonial pomp of the Madrid

Court. The youngest of the King's aunts, the Infanta Eulalia, lived for the most part in Paris. Travel and long residence abroad had made her far more cosmopolitan than the Infanta Isabella. She came for a short time every year to Madrid, for which, however, she had no great predilection, taking me to task for professing, in answer to a searching question, to hold another opinion of life in the Spanish capital. I once asked the Infanta Isabella why she had not represented the Royal Family at the Chicago Exposition of 1893 instead of her younger sister Eulalia. She replied good-naturedly that "it was much better for Eulalia to go than an ugly old woman like myself." But how charming "an ugly old woman" can be!

The King's eldest sister, the Princess of the Asturias, who died suddenly at childbirth in 1904, had married Don Carlos of Bourbon, a son of the claimant to the former kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The marriage was not a popular one, Don Carlos having been identified with the Carlist Pretender, on whose staff he had served, and at the time of the wedding disturbances occurred requiring the intervention of the troops. Until the King's son was born in 1907, their eldest son was heir presumptive to the throne, and until that time they resided at the Palace, as

did also the King's younger sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa before her marriage. Don Carlos's second wife was Princess Louise of France, a daughter of the Comte de Paris.

It cannot be truthfully said that Queen Christina, daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria, a cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has been popular among Spaniards. Their loyalty, and still less their affections, have rarely been given to any one born and bred beyond the frontier. Thinly veiled attacks on her clericalism and charges of responsibility for the loss of the colonies were made in my time in the Cortes. In a Catholic country even a Queen may leave her carriage and kneel at the passing of the Host without being a bigot, and charges made in the heat of political discussion will not be given an important place among the causes which led to the Spanish-American War by the impartial historian. Of her devoted care and influence in the education of the young King, only praise can be said. Queen-mothers have often been the recipients of popular outbursts of joy when presenting an heir to the throne. Spain has a far greater reason for gratitude and rejoicing in receiving from its Queen at his majority a King of the character and promise of Alfonso XIII.

The adjective which comes most naturally to the lips in speaking of him is "gallant," in the best sense of the word — gallant in courage, gallant in courtesy and bearing. Courageous certainly he has shown himself to be in the various attempts made upon his life, and no one who has come in contact with him can withhold an instant recognition of those qualities which Spaniards aptly define by the adjective *simpatica.* Señor y Rey!

An article on Helen Keller in one of the American magazines so interested the Queen that I thought a personal letter from Miss Keller to one who had enquired so sympathetically about her would give pleasure. Miss Keller carried out this suggestion in a charming letter which was evidently appreciated, for just before I left Madrid the Queen sent for me and committed to my care a framed life-sized reproduction of her face in marble, a side view in *alto relievo*, so that, as she expressed it, Miss Keller might feel and thus know the face of her friend.

I may be permitted to mention another gracious act of another Queen, Carmen Sylva, who in our conversation about Mark Twain, already referred to, asked me to send her one of my books. It was promptly acknowledged, together with

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some music of which we had spoken, by one of the ladies-in-waiting, and the matter passed from my mind. Some months later, I received a water-color of flowers which, with an extract from the book in gilt German lettering, was done in her own hand and signed in words far too flattering for repetition.

2

ABOUT every Court there has grown up a vast ceremonial which has become an integral part of its life. The rigid etiquette which once regulated the private life of a Spanish King has been greatly modified. Doubtless the English associations of the young Alfonso and his love for sports have had their effect. But the great ceremonies, especially the public ones, and those related to the offices of the Church, are still observed with the pomp of other days. As in actuality more or less wearisome to the chief actors, if not to the spectators, so in description they can only be more or less monotonous rearrangements of the same essential elements of civil and military display, like the changes in the field of the kaleidoscope.

Of these ceremonies one of the most unique is the washing of the feet of thirteen poor men by the King, who, after figuratively performing

this office, serves them personally a dinner of twenty-five courses from fish to walnuts and wine. It takes place on Holy Thursday, a day when the circulation of carriages in the city is prohibited.

The foreground of this ceremony, inaugurated in 1242 by Fernando el Santo, is reminiscent of Leonardo da Vinci's portrayal of the Last Supper, but the background of functionaries in full dress (the mantilla is prescribed for the ladies) in the Hall of Columns is not exactly that of the guest chamber mentioned in Saint Luke. Unofficial spectators, in their anxiety to secure front places in the space reserved for them, stand for hours facing the tribunes to be occupied by the Royal Family, the Diplomatic Body, the Crown Ministers, and other distinguished personages. If not wholly absorbed in the contemplation at close range of the wearers of the splendid costumes behind and above the thirteen, they will have observed that these latter have been scrupulously washed and otherwise made ready for the occasion, even to the extent of a careful medical inspection, all of which emphasizes the symbolic character of the ceremony. They will also see that the face of the boyish King is often wreathed in smiles at the trepidation of the grandees from whom he receives, and to whom he returns with

such embarrassing rapidity, the twice thirteen times twenty-five dishes — an enormous total of six hundred and fifty — some of which, as the jars of wine, are of respectable weight, and others, as the heaping platters of nuts, display a tendency to scatter their contents on the marble floor. Under these circumstances it is a little difficult even for the most devout to keep the mind fixed on the thing symbolized instead of the symbol.

The Spanish celebration of the Carnival is also unique in the sense that, instead of being as elsewhere a spectacle or display by the few for the many, it is participated in by all classes from King to peasant. On the last Sunday before Lent and during the succeeding days the entire city is given over to revelry. Every afternoon the Prado, the Paseo de Recoletos, and de la Castillana are lined with carriages, draped in streamers of colored paper and stormed with confetti; between which pass a double line of those who have bought the right of circulation by the payment of a sum destined to local charities. Most of the maskers, who in every imaginable disguise swarm over the steps and rear of these carriages, are presumably in society, but no fair occupant can be sure of the social standing of the gallant who to her evident enjoyment

is permitted for the moment to indulge an unwonted familiarity of action and speech. Such of the foreign diplomats as have not been infected by latter-day cynicism condescend to participate, at least to the extent of being present, and I am confident that the young person in my carriage who hurled a bouquet of violets at the King standing in a passing landau will not forget his catching it "on the fly" and hurling it back with the precision of a center fielder nailing a base-runner at the home plate.

Two International Congresses, one of architects, the other of physicians, gathered in Madrid during my residence, for both of which receptions were held in the Palace and garden parties were given in the Campo del Moro, the Palace private gardens. Two incidents marked these gatherings.

Havelock Ellis, in "The Soul of Spain," cites the Italian proverb, "*Mi venga la morte di Spagna*," May my death come from Spain, for then it will be long in coming. Much belated hospitality was showered on the visitors, but preparation, deferred to the last moment, was conspicuous by its absence, many invitations to festivities being received after the Congress had adjourned and the guests scattered.

It is only fair to add that procrastination is not confined to Spain. As a graduate of West Point I tendered my services in any capacity to the Government on the outbreak of the Spanish War, a tender acknowledged in complimentary phrase by the Secretary of War on August 4th, eight days before the signing of the peace protocol!

A deputation of the more famous or favored physicians from each country was received in the Palace by the King and Queen-Mother, to whom presentations were made by their respective diplomatic representatives. It so happened that the Cuban Minister, the first to be received after the war, had presented his credentials a short time before my arrival, and therefore stood in line just above me with his coterie of distinguished compatriots. The King greeted him with his invariable cordial smile, pausing to exchange a few words with others of the group.

The Queen-Mother, following, passed by in silence.

At an audience granted the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exposition, who came to Madrid to urge the official participation of Spain, in the course of the conversation mention was made

of the Pan-American Exposition of Buffalo, where President McKinley was assassinated. At the time this occurred, 1901, the King was in his fifteenth year, the Regency terminating the following year, in 1902. The King's searching questions for details of the tragedy were so surprising as to lead me subsequently to ask the Chamberlain, Merry del Val, what measures were taken to keep the King informed of current events. He said extracts from the leading journals were every morning laid upon the King's desk.

Various are the barriers which hedge the divinity of kings!

3

When unoccupied and visited by ticket under the guidance of parlous custodians, palaces are tedious wastes of chilling splendor. Seen as guests by Royal invitation and humanized by hospitality, though it be of the formal kind, they create other impressions. Both architecturally and by reason of its commanding site the Palacio Real of Madrid is one of the most imposing of the Royal dwellings of Europe. Overlooking the Manzanares, the forest of the Casa de Campo, and the Castilian plain, from its windows one can see the domes of the Escorial thirty miles away

at the foot of the snow-topped Guadarrama. In plane a square of five hundred feet, its dimensions are small in comparison with the edifice designed by Philip V to eclipse the Escorial of Philip II. This master-builder, who had already expended millions on San Ildefonso, rebuilt Aranjuez, and added the Apeadero to the Alcazar of Seville, had planned a palace of four façades, each seventeen hundred feet long — the Escorial measures 744 by 580 feet — enclosing twenty-three courts, gardens, a theatre, church, and offices, approached by thirty-four entrances. A model of this stupendous project may be seen in the Madrid Museum. Obliged for reasons of economy to adopt less pretentious plans, Philip died before even these were realized, the existing palace being completed by Philip VI and Charles III, after an expenditure of a hundred million pesetas.

While one of the most magnificent of Old World palaces in its interior furnishings and decorations, it is also a dwelling with the atmosphere of comfort and livableness for whose absence no mere splendor can atone. It was, moreover, always warm, which cannot be said of Athens where the Queen sent for her furs at a State dinner. Cheerful fires in the open grates

of the living-rooms are also gratefully remembered.

The principal stairway compelled the admiration of Napoleon. On ceremonial occasions, when the procession of dignitaries ascends its triple flight of black and white marble steps between the halberdiers, the scene is most brilliant. To obtain the salute of the latter an American Minister in his black coat must either wait till residence has made his face familiar or, as is reported of Mr. Lowell, pause till this tribute to his country is rendered.

The throne room, where the King receives and where he will lie in state before making his last journey to the Escorial, in general richness of effect has no superior in Europe. The silver throne of Mary of England, guarded by four lions of gilded silver, occupies the centre of the longer side, opposite which five balconied windows look down upon the Plaza de Armas. The enormous chandeliers of rock crystal are from the glass works of La Granja, as also the mirrors framed in silver between the crimson velvet bordered with gold embroidery lining the walls. When illuminated and thronged with brilliant uniforms, the color effect of this room under the ceiling of Tiepolo is superb.

There are also charming single rooms distinctively original in decorative treatment, as the Chinese room, the Charles II room, its blue brocade starred with silver, the Giardini room, its ceiling of Buen Retiro porcelain, its walls and furniture of ivory satin embroidered in flowers and gold. On the walls of the ballroom, the largest in Europe, and the three rooms, separated by columns, forming the State dining-room, are hung some of the tapestries from the Palace collection, numbering over a thousand specimens, including splendid examples of early Flemish weaving, once the property of Ferdinand and Isabella and Charles V.

CHAPTER XII

I

THERE were in Madrid an abundance of those "streets of shops" whose absence in Berne was so lamented by Count Montgelas. More attractive still were the narrow, crooked streets running nowhere with no apparent purpose, resonant with braying donkeys and shrill voices bargaining for every conceivable object from gory bits of meat to crucifixes, redolent with roasting coffee and animate with occupations usually confined within doors. Here were the humble windows of tiny shops tucked away in corners, displaying treasures relinquished under the stress of poverty or a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune. We call them brutally pawnshops. Other gentler tongues term them Monti di Pietà, a phrase of unknown derivation which needs no explanation if we remember that in early times they lent to the poor only, without interest, under the sanction of the Church.

Here on occasion were to be had many precious objects that had outlived the period of redemption, not to be found in *magasins de nouveautés* —

odd pieces and sometimes complete sets of old La Granja glass, decorated in gold — fans of the Empire or earlier periods in carved mountings of white, or for mourning, grey mother-of-pearl, or ivory, their sticks damascened with gold, their silk or vellum *feuilles* exquisitely painted or decorated with glistening *paillettes* or circles of thin glass for curious or modest eyes — antique lace mantillas and *mantones de Manila* embroidered with flowers in colored silks, not to be had in the modern shop. Naturally on these excursions you will take your caution as well as your purse, and be on your guard against the seduction of that ubiquitous fan, "once the property of Marie Antoinette," with a price befitting its distinguished owner attached.

Penetrating once behind the shop into the domestic interior, I found a large table of Spanish walnut elaborately carved with the heraldic devices of a former proprietor, on which the noonday meal was steaming, while on the ironing-board reposed two flatirons of the period when artists did not disdain objects of common use. On their garlanded iron bases stood two horses of gilded bronze, serving as handles. Their two hind and fore feet being each welded together in a single piece, they could not prance, but for this they

made up by wonderfully braided manes and curling tails after the fashion of Assyrian reliefs.

Not all these are to be had at one sitting, as the painters say, but one by one they come to light by judicious prowling, acquiring by right of discovery and bargaining a sanctity foreign to purchases by telephone and parcel post. It was also worth while to make an occasional round of the antiquity shops, affecting indifference for what was secretly desired, and matching one's antiquarian learning against the commercial instinct of the extortioner.

One such, a son of Israel, was once tempting me by displaying the crimson folds of six hundred yards of damask which he averred he had just stripped from the walls of a *palacio* in Minorca, when a woman entered with a square object concealed under her frayed shawl. A little barefooted girl with brown legs clung to her skirt, stealing wistful glances from the mother's equally wistful face to the splendors of damask, *barqueños*, and gilded sconces about her. Very timidly an unframed canvas was withdrawn from under the shawl. I had no opportunity to observe whether it was a Velasquez or a Goya, for the dealer took it at once to the window. After a moment of scrutiny in the stronger light, he looked

up enquiringly at the woman. It was clearly the supreme moment requiring all her courage.

"Five hundred pesetas," she faltered.

"Two pesetas," said the dealer.

The face showed neither protest nor surprise.

"*Es poco*," she murmured, and with these two pathetic words of acquiescence and resignation she passed out with her little girl and the two pesetas into the street.

Relating this incident to the Marquis de Zarco, "Yes," he said, "but she was perhaps more contented than you supposed. I was once visiting a friend in Seville. I had written a letter which I wished delivered by hand. Seeing the gardener in the *patio*, I beckoned to him, putting a peseta into his hand, and asked him to take the letter to its address in the city. The reply which he brought back necessitated a second letter. When I reappeared with it, I had also a second peseta in my hand. But no, one was enough for the day. To-morrow — perhaps — it might have been different, but alas! I could not wait as he could for to-morrow. To be sure, this was in Andalucia."

"If you had offered him two — " I suggested.

"Ah, no, my friend. It is by such methods that national character is undermined."

Some days afterwards, curiosity led me to revisit this shop where the difference between what the brokers call the bid and asked price was so enormous. The picture had been sold! The subject and the price I shall never know, but the suspicion of a lost opportunity haunts me to-day. Not infrequently in the interval before coming to terms the coveted object fell into other hands.

In Madrid as elsewhere the resident had an advantage over the passing tourist, for possessors of heirlooms or treasure trove, wary of the middle man, often brought their wares to the house. In Athens a peasant from Crete brought two earrings found, so he asserted, in a Cretan tomb. They were exquisite winged figures in soft gold pouring a libation into a cup and suspended from delicately worked rosettes *à jour*. The precaution was taken to submit them to the expert of the Austrian School of Archæology who assigned them to the Mycenæan period. I have seen nothing in the museums which surpasses them in finish of execution or beauty of design. Turquoises from the mines, which in Persia are a state monopoly, were often offered by those whose methods of acquisition were open to suspicion. It is a curious fact that stones of a deep blue color, most prized by Persian connoisseurs,

are considered less desirable in the European market.

2

To Spain must be charged the most depressing day of sport in my life. I use the word "sport" in the sense employed by the Spanish friend who had invited us — for the American Consul was the third murderer — for a day's shooting on his estates.

The invitation had an enchanting appeal. A day in the open with a gun is ever a red-letter one in anticipation. Measured by the slain, it was, like Blenheim, a "famous victory." They lay in gory heaps on the station platform where we waited at nightfall for our homeward train. We had started in the grey of early morning beloved of Spanish trains, before the sun had begun to struggle with the chilling autumn wind from the Guadarrama. Muffled in his *capa*, and scrupulously dressed for the part as Latin sportsmen aim to be, our host climbed into our compartment just as the train, which seemed to have waited for his arrival, was giving signs of restlessness. We had paid heed to the warning signals of bell and whistle under the impression they were intended for the engineer as well as ourselves.

But he preferred to wait till our carriage door was closed and then gave a signal of his own, as if to say it was now too late for any one to change his mind. It was a way train, meaning a train which stops by the way, ostensibly to gather strength in its resolve to reach another stopping-place. The light of our host's cigarette punctured the gloom as the treeless plain marched by our windows with that stately, majestic step which only the *rapido* can quicken. At long intervals twinkling lights in the distance indicated the presence of a town or village which the railroad carefully avoided. Finally, at a station where numerous ox-carts and mule teams proclaimed a proximate but invisible population, we exchanged our tired engine for four gayly caparisoned mules whose harness was alive with colored balls of wool and jingling bells. They were a gallant looking four, whisking their shaved and braided tails with a vigor promising more miles per hour than we had made since leaving Madrid, but a red-cheeked boy, armed with a bag of stones slung from his shoulder, had no difficulty in keeping pace with them or in restocking from the wayside the magazine of artillery with which he bombarded them intermittently.

We struck bravely across the brown plain on

a road for whose windings there was no accounting. Stones there were in plenty, in ruts, not walls, nor did hedge or any other barrier natural or artificial constrain our meanderings. The sun was now out in force, the country became broken by ravines clothed in stunted growths of brush and low thickets, and we halted at last at a cabin in whose doorless door a woman, who proved to be the proud mother of the young artillerist, gave us welcome with smiles and hot chocolate.

The word "estates," embedded in our invitation had given rise to a mental picture which remains to this day a pure creation of the imagination. The only reality encountered was that lonely cabin in a waste of underbrush skirting the ploughed area, where the Consul and myself were stationed out of sight of each other and our host, but with due regard for each other's weapons. We had been told over the chocolate that all was in readiness and that the beaters would start at the given signal. We took the stations assigned us, the signal gun was fired, and we waited.

I was well aware that it was a case of *caza menor*, what the Spaniard calls small game, yet, even when waiting for a frightened rabbit to start from its form or a partridge to take wing, the moment holds a certain thrill of expectancy.

I had also read that in ancient times ships left Cadiz regularly, freighted with rabbits for the Roman market, but I was not prepared for a rabbit deluge. As the cries of the beaters drew near, from under every bush and leafy screen a myriad scurrying forms, darting terrified in every direction, bore down upon us. Instantly we, too, as of old the Iberian hunters, were supplying the pot — a sorry trade, for every true lover of sport will admit that it is the hunter's skill and patience, the exercise of his woodcraft in the freedom of the wild, and not the actual shot, which is his real joy. The barrel grew hot with murder. The sole possible boast was to have killed more than one's neighbor. Out of courtesy to our host and in the comforting thought that many an empty *pot-au-feu* would be the richer, I played my part, and we celebrated success in Valdepeñas and an excellent *tortilla* before recommitting ourselves and a share of the spoils to the tender mercies of the four mules and another way train which from some remote region happened along in time to deposit us at midnight whence we had started. This, with the single lesson in tauromachy already related, was my sole experience of sport in Spain.

On the Nile from under some bank where an

unfriendly wind had decided the *reis* to tie up for the night, we used to fare forth gun in hand in the fresh air of early morning. It was March, the migration season of the quail. They were as plenty as the Spanish rabbits. One had only to find a field of lentils and they rose in flocks. But it was not sport, only a question of dinner — for the little boat in tow at the stern, where a lamb had once bleated, was now empty, and the steamer whence supplies came might pass us in the night. One must eat, even if now and then a wounded bird crept away out of reach to die in some deep crack of the baked soil. Here, as in Spain, a vision came of autumn days in New England woods, their clear running brooks where the thirst was quenched, their deep silence of shade where one paused to take breath and listen, their moments of expectancy, their lost chances and missed opportunities, their reward of physical well-being — though the bag was empty.

3

One of the most annoying and at times distressing of experiences in Spain arose from the activities of a band of swindlers, who for many years have exploited credulity by representations, supported by forged documents, relating to a for-

tune awaiting claimants in the United States. So numerous were the letters of enquiry received by the Legation from persons whose appetite for wealth had been excited by these *chevaliers d'industrie* that a printed form had been prepared cautioning the unwary. The documents setting forth the validity of the claim, drawn in legal form and bearing the official seals of the Court, were most plausible and in many cases convincing. There was generally a distant relative involved, remotely but so ingeniously connected with the person addressed as to warrant at least enquiry. On the average several such letters of enquiry were received by the Legation every month, in some instances announcing the intention to come to Spain for the purpose of personally taking over the fortune. Ordinarily it was sufficient to forward the printed statement prepared for such cases, but in one instance a victim from a Western State actually appeared in Madrid to lay claim to an inheritance from a fictitious relative who, when dying in a Spanish hospital, had confided the secret of his wealth to some priest or limb of the law willing to transmit the bulk of the fortune for a trifling consideration or for the fulfilment of certain legal conditions involving the advance of cash. In the case cited

a preliminary advance had already been made. This swindle has been thoroughly exposed more than once in American papers, and at various times the Spanish Government has coöperated with both diplomatic and consular officers in the endeavor to run to earth this well-organized band, but without result. The number of letters admitting the sending of checks to meet "preliminary expenses" was proof that the game was a profitable one. It was not a very pleasant duty to inform a visitor who, unbuttoning his coat with the important air of a man transacting legitimate business, drew the familiar documentary "evidence" from an inner pocket, that his money had been wasted and his castle was a veritable castle in Spain.

4

MOST cities can boast of special shrines to which one returns again and again in leisure hours. In Teheran there were none. In Athens there was the Acropolis, where, as the Hebrew proverb has it, at every new visit one found a new coin. In Madrid there was the Prado.

Enthusiasts over armor would probably add the Armeria. It *is* a wonderful collection of the masterpieces of the metal-worker, not merely

just so many weapons and coats of mail, but those actually wielded and worn by Charles V, who founded the collection, and others of the mighty dead. However jaded the sight-seeing eye, it gives a fillip to the imagination to know this is the very armor worn by Charles on the field of Mühlberg, for instantly under the lifted visor you see what you saw yesterday in the Prado, the strong face and eagle eye of the great emperor whom Titian painted in this same armor. But having once glutted the eyes with the wardrobes and battle accessories of the great captains and refreshed the memory of the deeds by which they immortalized themselves and those they slew, I never again got farther than the adjacent court where the music of the national hymn enlivened every morning the changing of the guard. What the history of that hymn is, whether Ferdinand and Isabella or Philip or Charles ever heard it, I do not know, but listening to its strains under the open colonnade which overlooks a large portion of the Kingdom of Castile and the domed sepulchre where its kings sleep in the grey shadows of the mountains, one easily lost control of the imagination, for this was one of the few open-air sanctuaries secure from the importunity of the beggar.

To the Prado I would also add the Cortes, when in session, resorted to not so much for information on the shifting currents of politics as to listen to the sonority of Spanish oratory and to reënforce the Spanish of West Point, in my day the weakest department of the Academy. The Cortes has had its stormy sessions, but when not carried away by the ardor of debate, in dress and comportment its members yield a respect for the place and the office contrasting strongly with the work-a-day garments and lounging attitudes of other legislative bodies. Here again the dignity and gravity of the Spaniard, his love of decorum and ceremony, assert themselves.

The appeal of the Prado, like that of the Acropolis, is irresistible. If size and variety constitute a great Gallery, it by no means heads the list. Its contents, moreover, are housed in a building originally designed for other ends, and the light is not uniformly good. Its limitations are its charm. Excessive riches do not weary the eye, nor miles of corridors, stairways, and rooms fatigue the feet. Of all the great Galleries it is incomparably unique in focussing the attention on the works of a relatively few artists, Velasquez, Murillo, Goya, Tintoretto, and Titian.

Of technical methods and merits, of how the

picture was painted and why we should admire it, those who know have spoken. Yet the layman may offer advice: *imprimis*, to go to the Prado at all costs, and if possible whet the appetite by seeing beforehand the works of the Spanish masters elsewhere, as Velasquez's portrait of Innocent X in the Doria Gallery of Rome. This advice may be difficult to follow, but it is sound. Furthermore, once there, if it be not your good fortune to have the companionship of the genial Director, who will tell you authoritatively and enthusiastically both the *how* and the *why*, then slip in your pocket some such thin flexible volume as Williamson's "Velasquez" and bribe every guide to let you alone.

As you read, you will be momentarily distracted by the tourist who obstructs your view. A group is passing now before "Las Meniñas." If it were the "Execution of Torrijos and his Companions," tragedy would hold them spellbound for a moment. But they pass this dim interior and its sombre immobile figures with scarce a glance. You are tempted to cry them halt, to tell them this "is the best interior that was ever painted," to bid them beware lest, looking twice, they walk into this room to inspect themselves the portrait on the master's easel.

Before "Las Hilanderas" they *do* pause a moment, and a flute-like voice exclaims, "What a pretty girl!" Pretty! indeed, yes, though you cannot see her face; and again you are fain to intervene, to ask if they realize this "is the most triumphant mastery of a combination of lights such as no artist before has attempted to represent." Listen! "There is almost the effect of sound, the spinning wheel, the chatter of the people, the operation of carding, the purring of the cat and the remarks of the spinners as they talk with one another at their work." But already they have gone on to "Don Baltazar on Horseback," and you hear the stilted voice of the guide pointing out the wonderful foreshortening of the pony, and wonder if they hear as you do "the clatter of hoofs as the pony rushes past and breaks the stillness of the fair spring morning."

Rich as is the Prado, as also the Academy, in the works of individual Spanish masters, they are not collections where one may trace historical sequence in the development of Spanish painting. The earlier pictures of the various local schools are scattered among the churches of the provinces, and Spain has done little to make them or her other art treasures easily available to the outside world. In 1890 Ford described her rail-

ways as "dear, dirty, and dilatory." Even as late as 1913 Howells could get no further in praise than "dignified and deliberate," and a gently humorous but persistent plaint of discomfort haunts his pages from Irun to Gibraltar. The modern lover of art and seeker after the picturesque demands a modicum of comfort and prefers a restaurant whose waiter supplies the deficiencies of his education in languages not his own. Thus, while Switzerland balances her budget with the help of the traveller's gold, Spain has studiously neglected this source of revenue. In "Tartarin sur les Alpes" Daudet has satirized that thrifty people who have carried the amenities of civilization to the snow-line of their mountains, but by how many ducats have they enriched the national exchequer!

Fortunately, the mountains remain, as will the cathedrals of Spain, but when the tide of a surface civilization has reached their doors, it will be more than ever necessary to resort to the canvasses of Goya and the annals of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance and his Squire to discover the real Spain, the soul which survives new incarnations.

We visited Segovia and San Ildefonso with Cambon, *en luxe*, in private cars provided by the

Director of the Railroad, and with Lady Egerton prowled about Toledo, where history and myth were made in equal proportions. I should certainly resent being classified with the lady who remembered Naples as the place where she bought those lovely silk stockings, yet it is the presence of a curious bit of old majolica on my table which at this moment suggests Toledo. Madame unearthed it from the dingy little room of the verger in the cathedral, acquiring it after protracted debate while I was gazing at the footprint of the Virgin, who once alighted in this church, begun, the chroniclers assert, when she was still alive. Madame's purchase has occasioned almost as much discussion as the Virgin's footprint. She declares it is an inkstand, though why there should be four receptacles for ink, to say nothing of a fifth in the centre, is hard to say. If I suggest eggs, she asks with finality, "Why five?" In this condition of doubt it serves no purpose but to provoke discussion and evoke the vision of the city of the Visigoths and the Primate Church of Spain.

Besides the Virgin, Santa Leocadia also appeared to the good Bishop Ildefonso in this same church. She left no footprint, but the spot where she alighted is identified by a circle traced

on the marble floor. These visitations have been made the subject of pleasant jests by doubting writers, as "idle fancies of a cunning or dreaming priest." I forbear to follow in their footsteps lest I be confounded with the fool who said in his heart there is no God, or involved in discussion with those equally rash spirits who describe His nature. If these things provoke a smile, they also inspire a pitying reverence for the desperate effort to supply the desperate need to break the Universal Silence. Of all human sounds under the overarching vault none is more piteous than the unanswered cry for love's reply.

CHAPTER XIII

I

My more intimate relations with Mr. Howells began in New York when I followed him as editor of the "Cosmopolitan," to which, however, he remained a frequent contributor until that magazine changed ownership. If I remember rightly it was at the Players' Club that, when one of a group of three former occupants of the editorial chair, he greeted me with "Here comes a candidate for the club of ex-editors of the 'Cosmopolitan'" — a dignity I attained two years later.

The theory which governed the composition of the magazine may be briefly stated as follows: Supposing the average number of articles in each issue to be x and the products of the pen to be classified roughly into the same number of groups, as fiction, travel, sport and adventure, natural science, history, etc., then, since the magazine speaks but twelve times a year and its object is to attract the greatest possible number of readers, it should as far as possible have in each issue an article appealing to readers interested in each of the above subjects. In other

words, never a purely fiction or scientific number.

Whether for this or other reasons the circulation steadily increased, reaching its maximum in the exceptional number which violated the theory, the World's Fair number, among the notable contributors to which was Mr. Howells, who, writing me from Chicago, said, "I have just had my first glimpse of the World's Fair and am speechless."

It was at this time that I discovered some of those reasons generally unknown to authors which lead to the rejection of manuscripts. Of an entirely impersonal nature, they are not easily explained to the sensitive person by the busy one. Hence the conventional form in which the negative is so often couched, productive of many misconceptions. On the other hand, the sentiment expressed in the first line of the jingle:

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell—"

unquestionably applies to manuscripts as well as to persons, especially to fiction, explaining the remarkable career of the story which makes the round of editorial offices to find at last a belated welcome.

The rule that the O.K. of both the owner and editor was necessary for acceptance, when not a

mere formality, usually resulted in placing the burden of explaining rejection on my shoulders. On the whole I made more friends than enemies, though doubtless inflicting some wounds of which I remain in ignorance. Among those who could well afford to ignore rebuff was Mark Twain, whose story of Adam's discovery that he was a father later appeared elsewhere in a softened form.

Editors as well as authors also encounter the negative. Among my letters I find the following characteristic one from Henry James:

34 DeVere Gardens, London, W.
April 12, 1893

Dear Mr. Hardy:

I am very sorry indeed to find myself coerced to answer any invitation of yours with a No. But, alas, the article you are so good as to propose to me on the subject of Dr. Holmes is quite out of my orbit and my competency. Please don't think me irreverent to any one concerned if I ask you whether you are very sure it is a real subject for an article at all! At any rate I have none of the qualifications for treating it. Even my great regard for Dr. Holmes does n't work the miracle. I was not, save at one or two accidental moments, a witness of his movements in

England, and the whole episode is a blank to me — which my imagination, moreover, strives in vain to people with interest for the public of 1893. Please believe in my regret for my inadequacy. I was going to add: Please ask me for anything else! but I am tied to my little go-cart of fiction and am awfully unpromiscuous. But there are moments when *that* pen is at your service. I talked of you yesterday with W. Morton Fullerton. Believe me

Yours most truly

HENRY JAMES

Such letters form a precious collection. But there are others, and a compilation from those accompanying manuscripts and those following rejection would make a worthy companion to De Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes." In spite of being a mathematician, De Morgan was dowered with a saving sense of humor, and as editor of the "Notes and Queries" column in the "Athenæum" saved many a trying situation by its exercise. To be commended as a model of tact is his reply to the enthusiast for the decimal system who advocated its universal application. De Morgan thought it might be a good idea, that the moral law would be safe as fortunately there

happened to be exactly ten commandments, but even rejecting Judas there would be one whole apostle of difficulty!

Among my correspondence, as showing the relatively prominent place occupied by contributors from overseas, I find letters from Flammarion writing on the "End of the World"; Francisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic, contributing a monthly note; Madame Adam, editor of the "Nouvelle Revue"; Valdes, Kipling, Charcot, Clark Russell, who furnished a serial sea story, Zangwill, Paul Verlaine, Edouard Rod, François Coppée, Guy de Maupassant, etc., etc.

Among these letters are some very heartening to a humble fellow worker. I am not quite so sure that *public* appreciation by authors of each other is quite in the same category. In the words of Henry James, "I trust I am not irreverent to any concerned" in asking whether the willingness of some of us to lend ourselves to the public gaze in Authors' Readings, "Chats about Authors," "What Authors are Doing," etc., does not explain the reason why that particular Fame which visited the Poet in Lord Dunsany's clever satire, appeared at the Poet's door. The desire to know the steps by which a Galileo, Watts, or Bell reached their discoveries is quite distinct

from the curiosity which seeks to lift the veil of personality. All that is safe for a sensible man to say is that the self the Poet does not reveal in his works were better left alone, and that some people's veils are easier to lift than others. Perhaps that is what Fame knew when she descended on the Poet's doorstep.

When living in Hanover I was host to Mr. Cable who came for a "reading." To meet his next engagement he was obliged to take an early train necessitating breakfast before sunrise. I never confessed to him that, as the man of all work within reach of a professor's salary did not go on duty till after sunrise, I had seen myself to my guest's shoes, nor that, on learning to my dismay that the arrival of the morning cream ignored railroad schedules, I had plunged into rubber boots and made a foray through the snowdrifts on my neighbor's preserves. At breakfast, when the indispensable cream was tendered Cable, he remarked casually he never took cream in coffee.

Not infrequently editors have to do with pirates on the high seas of literature, who sometimes are bold enough to board standard anthologies in search of plunder. With one such I had an amusing experience.

When on leave of absence in 1899 I wrote the two following little verses in the guest-book of the house where I had passed the summer:

Like the south-flying swallow the summer has flown,
Like a fast-falling star, from unknown to unknown
Life flashes and falters and fails from our sight, —
Good-night, friends, good-night.

Like home-coming swallows that seek the old eaves,
Like the buds that wait patient beneath the dead leaves,
Love shall sleep in our hearts till our hands meet again, —
Till then, friends, till then!

They were subsequently included in a small volume of verse published by Scribner's in 1900 under the title "Songs of Two."

In 1917 a friend called my attention to a collection of poetry published in New York in 1912 in which these verses appeared over the name of, and as written by, a woman whom we will call "Q." As my friend was familiar with the verses both in the guest-book where they were first written and in "Songs of Two," she had, before communicating with me, written "Q" for an explanation. Replying to this letter, "Q" wrote that she must have seen my lines somewhere and unconsciously reproduced them.

At my instance the New York publisher also got into communication with "Q" and her reply to his request for an explanation follows:

Mr. ——, Publisher.

My dear Mr. —:

Regarding the "Song" published under my name in the —— ——, of course, I regret the occurrence and do not precisely know how it came about. I can only surmise that having in my possession a typed copy of the verses, copied long ago from the poetry album of a friend, and without knowing the author, this sheet of paper mistakenly was sent, with some six or seven of my own lyrics, to the editor. I did not know that anything of mine had been accepted for the book, until notified by Mr. ——, nor did I ever see proofs. I wondered about the title used by the editor in his letter to me, since I had not sent any verses called the "Song" — nor did my copy of Mr. Hardy's lyric have a title.

When finally the book reached me and the mistake was seen, I consulted with one or two editors, as well as with friends who also had contributed to the book. No one knew the authorship of the lyric, and all advised leaving the matter as it was, since, the book being out, nothing could be done to remedy it. Then a lady who knew the author (I have forgotten her name) recognized the verses and wrote telling me his name. She, too, advised doing nothing, the mis-

take being an honest one which there was no way of undoing.

My own opinion is that Mr. Hardy's reputation can scarcely be injured by having these verses, already as you said published in one of his volumes, appear under a less well-known name. On the other hand, I have not found my own reputation as a writer in any way enhanced by the mistake. I have spoken of it to many, but found no one who knew the verses.

Very truly yours

15th June, 1917 ——

To this I made answer:

MADAM:

Mr. —— has handed me your letter of June 15th, 1917, in which you state that "having in my possession a typed copy of the verses, copied long ago from the poetry album of a friend, and without knowing the author, this sheet of paper mistakenly was sent, with some six or seven of my own lyrics, to the editor." You further state that you "did not know anything of mine had been accepted" for —— —— "until notified by Mr. —," and that when you saw that verses you had not written were published over your own

name you "consulted with one or two editors as well as with friends who also had contributed to the book — and all advised leaving the matter as it was — the mistake being an honest one which there was no way of undoing."

In other words, having discovered in your possession something which did not belong to you, you and your friends decided to keep it. I might congratulate you on this new view of ethical procedure had you not written my friend Miss ——, who first discovered your appropriation of another's goods, that you must have seen my verses somewhere and unconsciously reproduced them. I hardly know which of these two contradictory explanations to admire most, the literal "unconscious" reproduction or the "mistake."

The concluding sentence of your last letter in which, with a truly feminine delight, you say, "I have not found my own reputation as a writer in any way enhanced by the mistake," has given many people great amusement. Having worn my two little verses on your watch-chain so long, it is truly affecting to know that you have to confess that stolen goods have brought you no praise.

Yours truly

ARTHUR S. HARDY

Evidently "Q" had no suspicion that the stranger for whom she had devised her first explanation of unconscious reproduction was in communication with me, otherwise she would presumably have exercised the common prudence of devising explanations which agreed. Nor was my friend one of "the two editors or other friends" who approved of the retention of stolen and copyrighted property. Finally, it seems that "Q" passes lightly over the curious fact that the six or seven of her own lyrics forwarded to the New York editor were all sidetracked in favor of the purloined one.

As an illuminating illustration of what unconscious reproduction can achieve, the misappropriated lines as they appeared under the name of their abductor are appended for comparison.

Like the south-flying swallows, the summer has flown
Like a fast-falling star, from unknown to unknown
Life flashes and falters and fades from our sight:
Good-night, — my friend, — good-night!

Like the home-coming swallows that seek the old eaves,
Like the buds that dream patiently under dead leaves,
Love shall sleep in our hearts till our hands meet again:
Until then, O my friend, — until then!

Goethe has said that after deducting his debt to his predecessors and contemporaries the balance

remaining to his credit would be insignificant. An absolutely new, original thought is indeed a *rara avis*. What justifies restatement, what we copyright, is not the thought, but the form of expression, and often it is not the thought itself, but, to use a common phrase, the way in which it is put, that causes its retention in memory.

Striking forms of expression whose parentage is forgotten haunt every memory. *Are* they memories? Having once had much to do with an author whose persistency troubled editorial repose, I woke one morning with these lines running in my head:

> Who thought to filch from his great sire
> His incommunicable fire.

They were true indictment. Who drew it up? In how many volumes have I sought the answer!

2

THE circumstances attending my retirement from Spain were the subject of some newspaper discussion. They would not be recalled to-day but for certain correspondence, not then in my possession, which clears the matter up in a final manner not possible at the time.

In 1902, in Mr. Hay's library after luncheon,

he offered me the position of Assistant Secretary of State. He added that I was entirely free to exercise my own preference, but that he would like a decision at once, as I was proposing to proceed to Spain on the following day. After thinking the matter over I wrote Mr. Hay the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 12, 1902

MY DEAR MR. HAY:

First let me say how much I appreciate the association of myself with any possible change in the Department of State. I may assume that, whatever the source of the consideration of my name, it is not disagreeable to you, and that in itself is something I shall never forget.

If, as I said to you, this change could be looked upon in any degree as a command, I should accept it without question, and in this respect I should like to have you feel I am ready to accept any duties which those in authority may deem to the best interests of the Government. Without implying any comparison between the post of Minister to Spain and that to which you have referred, my personal preferences, however, which you were so good as to ask for, are in favor of the former. I have some acquaintance

with Spain, and much admiration for many of the qualities of Spanish character, and, without undue pretensions, shall make it my best effort to give the conventional formula relative to the promotion of good relations a real and vital meaning. As you well know, it is my desire to continue in this branch of the Government service, and, unless the call to other duties is imperative, would prefer to rest that continuance on my effort to deserve well of the State Department and the President.

Please accept, and in so far as you may deem proper transmit to the President, this expression of my preference, and believe me, in fullest appreciation of your ever kindly courtesy and interest,

Yours most sincerely

ARTHUR S. HARDY

THE HON. JOHN HAY
Secretary of State

About two years later I received in Spain extracts from a Washington newspaper to the effect that the President had *cabled* me the offer of the Assistant Secretaryship of State, that I had cabled in reply asking "what next," and that as the President was not in the habit of making bargains of this sort he had decided to make a

change in Madrid. There had, of course, been no cables, and, as evidenced by the above letter, no bargaining. It was clear that Mr. Roosevelt would not have tendered me the above position had there been any dissatisfaction with my services, and it was equally clear that something had transpired which I did not understand. On enquiry through friends at home I learned that Mr. Roosevelt had decided to use his unquestionable right to change his representative in Madrid. I therefore at once tendered my resignation.

When taking official leave of him on my return to Washington, he told me quite frankly his reasons. He had offered me a position which I had refused. I was a graduate of West Point, and from such he expected obedience, having no use for a man who, ordered to one post, preferred another.

Possession of the above letter would have disproved this view of my attitude, but I had forgotten both its existence and phraseology.

About two years later, after Mr. Hay's death, when this and other letters were returned to me, I sent it at once to the President by registered mail with the simple comment that

"It explains better than any words I can now

add my attitude at the time, and I trust you will appreciate my motive in sending it to you — simply to correct the misunderstanding you had as to that attitude. For misrepresentation is less easily endured than its minor consequences."

Mr. Roosevelt's reply follows:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
January 30, 1907

MY DEAR MR. HARDY:

I am very much obliged to you for sending me your letter to Mr. Hay, which I return herewith. It makes your position perfectly clear, and also makes clear that the impression I received at the time was erroneous.

Very sincerely yours
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A final note from Mr. Loeb completes the record:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON
February 4, 1907

MY DEAR MR. HARDY:

The President thought your note of the 7th instant (*sic*) a very nice one. When you come to Washington let me know. The President would

like to speak to you at length, although, of course, purely confidentially.

Very truly yours

WM. LOEB

Secretary to the President

HON. ARTHUR S. HARDY
WOODSTOCK, CONN.

The statement of this bit of personal history carries no hidden implications. I have always been an admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, who had admittedly the defects of his great qualities. While now a matter of no importance, it does not seem unreasonable to make public even at this late date a correspondence which shows that the impression, wheresoever derived, on which the President acted, was on his own admission an erroneous one. Very likely had I followed up Mr. Loeb's suggestion, I should have learned to whom that impression was due. But then, as now, I was more concerned in refuting the lie than in discovering its author; I therefore wrote Mr. Loeb that I had no thought of going to Washington, but would do so if the President desired — and the incident was closed.

In the second series of his "Anglo-American Memories," Mr. George W. Smalley, apropos of

Mr. Roosevelt's intervention in the Russo-Japanese War, lays great stress on the loss of prestige suffered at Portsmouth by Japan on being forced, according to Mr. Smalley, by the President to abandon Komura's claim for a war indemnity, a loss for which the latter "held the President responsible. With what feelings toward Mr. Roosevelt the Japanese departed from Portsmouth," Mr. Smalley says, "I dare not conjecture."

I venture to think that whatever the disappointment felt by the Japanese envoys over the failure to obtain the indemnity, their real feeling toward Mr. Roosevelt was neither one of astonishment nor resentment. It is quite true that originally Mr. Roosevelt had rigorously supported Komura's $600,000,000 claim, even to the extent of persistently urging it, through Mr. Meyer, upon the Russian Emperor. It is also true that when the Emperor repeatedly, and, finally, peremptorily, refused to give way, Mr. Roosevelt "executed" what Mr. Smalley calls "a complete *volte-face* and told the astonished Japanese their demand must be withdrawn."

Now, some time after the conclusion of peace, I happened to meet in Cairo Mr. Dennison, for so many years the expert adviser of the Japanese

Foreign Office. To the question how far was *official* Japan satisfied with the results of the Portsmouth Treaty, he said that after the battle of Mukden the requirements in men and money necessary for a continuance of the war having Kharbin as an objective was made the subject of a report to the Emperor by a council of war in the field. Commenting on this report, Mr. Dennison concluded, laconically and significantly, "and we had neither the men nor the money."

It was thus Japan's inability to enforce her claim, not Mr. Roosevelt's *volte-face*, which led to its abandonment. Mr. Roosevelt very probably was quite as well aware of that inability as the Japanese statesmen, whose "astonishment" must have been of a purely diplomatic variety, tinctured not improbably also with gratitude for the President's rigorous and friendly effort to achieve on their behalf the impossible.

CHAPTER XIV

I

CHART in hand, intent upon the statistical side of her profession, having satisfied herself as to name and age, the nurse asked, "What is your religion?" Had I been in full possession of my faculties I should doubtless have realized that the issue was between the Protestant and Roman faiths, but being still in that nebulous land of irresponsibility called Anæsthesia, the subconscious self harked back to the reply attributed to Frederic Harrison, to Talleyrand, and others long before them, and I murmured: "That of all sensible men." I have always regretted that dismay at this unexpected answer prevented the further question, "What is that?" It would have been interesting to know if the subconscious mind would have had the wit to answer according to the legend, "Sensible men don't tell."

Of the membership of the Brotherhood of Sensible Men, of how many there be who, wearing outwardly the garment of uniformity, walk discreetly among us, the census is silent. If occasionally in some quiet room before a dying fire one discovers a fellow member, how keen the

pleasure! For there is no subject so absorbingly interesting as that of one's fundamental beliefs, no mystery so fascinating as the soul man hides from his neighbor. I am not thinking of the content poured by others into virgin vials, but the ultimate crystals slowly formed in the secret cells of thought. What we think of the nebular hypothesis or Einstein's theory provokes relatively mild discussion, but "confessions," even the spurious product of the love of notoriety, run into countless editions. Only before the dying fire and to the initiated does the sensible man "tell." He has a horror of propaganda. No proselyting fever urges him to throw stones into the quiet pools of belief. The ostentation of authority and dogma revolts him, and in the subtleties of the schools he finds no food. If he will not deny what he cannot understand, neither will he affirm of what he cannot conceive.

My grandson recently wrote me that his college Professor of Literature had said to him, "Tell your grandfather I wish he would write in his earlier style." I replied, "Tell your learned professor that if he will give me back my earlier years I will" — the years when I knew so many things I don't know now and had not attained measurably near to the heights where Socrates

declared that he knew nothing. Rash, indeed, would be the prophet to set limits to what man may in the future know. Comte once declared that, while we could determine the distances and orbits of the heavenly bodies, their chemical constitution was forever beyond our knowledge. Yet scarcely had he died when the spectroscope made the determination of chemical constitution independent of distance.

Nevertheless, limits to human knowledge there are. Through whatever marvellous telescope the eye may peer in days to come, it will have got no nearer the boundaries of space than when it first peered over the edge of the cradle. The riddle of continuity in time or space or motion is as far from solution as when Time and Space first baffled the Greek philosophers. We reject the idea that time grows as the second-hand of the clock advances, by fits and starts, *per saltum*, however infinitesimal; and to say with Newton that it "flows" involves consequences equally absurd. We are positive that if a line of rigid length revolves about one fixed extremity the other will generate a curve every point of which is equidistant from that centre, yet every effort to conceive of the ultimate constitution of a circle ends in a polygon.

To these antinomies of Time and Space, Man, in his inexorable need of solving the riddle of Life and Death, has added others of his own devising, the "ways past finding out," only to flounder more than ever out of his depth, creating mysteries more mysterious and difficulties more insurmountable than those from which he sought to escape. Never to have realized the utter inadequacy of every explanation yet offered of the enigma of human fate is of all mental attitudes the most inscrutable.

2

THE day after his eightieth birthday Mr. Howells said to me: "This old age is n't what it's cracked up to be. I am going to write a sonnet about it and give it a black eye." Instead of which he wrote that touching valedictory on old age so characteristic of his gentle nature.

I happened to have just read a book in which occured the sentence, "Old age should be to life what the sunset is to the day," when I began for the second time Howells's "Eighty Years and After." Well, there are some very gloomy sunsets, and those of the crimson splendor would seem to belong to youth dying on some battle-field of faith or duty rather than to old age. As a plain

matter of fact, sentiment aside, old age will be what life and the inheritance of birth have made it, surly and crabbed or kindly and sweet, and its end surcease from sorrow and relief from pain or the peace of tired nature's acquiescence and perhaps also hope that smiles perennial in the face of reason. A great many fine things have been said about old age, from Cicero to Bacon, but none of these ever affected me as this simple valedictory word of the gentle realist who was spared the humiliation of second childhood, yet at eighty and after could speak with the fearless honesty of the child. When one is no longer wanted for the world's work and is past being a candidate for anything, it would seem as if one ought to be able to speak both fearlessly and honestly — yet the old rarely do.

It is certainly nothing to boast of nor, I think, to be ashamed of, that I never knew, as Howells did, the fear of hell or the consciousness of having deserved it. The knowledge of having thought wrong thoughts and done wrong deeds is quite other than that settled conviction of sin and worthlessness which the sermon and hymn of my early youth endeavored to create in my mind. I suppose no one reaches old age without experiencing the regret or resentment consequent upon

a wrong inflicted or received; but I have never been able to understand how a future life, any more than the present one, can right a wrong in the sense of making things as they were. Compensation more or less adequate for physical or moral injury is conceivable, but that falls far short of absolute justice or putting things back as they were. Regret and forgiveness go a long way; if they could go the whole way forgiveness would lose much of its savor.

In re-reading "Eighty Years and After," I am struck, as not at first, by its reserves. The writer is candid, but he does not tell us everything. He says quite plainly the fear of hell is "effectively gone," but he does not tell us why — and that is well. The inadequacy of our reasons for withholding assent is often quite as great as the inadequacy of our reasons for assenting. Indeed, in my own case the loss of interest in those terrible problems of pain and evil arises from the sheer helplessness of all finite thinking. The moment we realize that a problem lacks what the mathematician calls the equations of condition necessary for its solution, that, in other words, it is indeterminate, it ceases to be of legitimate interest. No less astonishing than the ease with which we relinquish in advancing years what

once seemed inseparable from a life worth living is the loss of the assurance with which we once laid down the law, when, as Howells puts it, though "small," we have "fixed opinions." In our mental as in our physical activities the years bring modesty and caution. There is a wonderful capacity for self-sacrifice in human nature, and many of us are willing and glad to suffer a great deal in order that others may thereby gain relief from suffering or even strength of character, but I distinctly rebel against being made morally better at the expense of another's suffering, though that may happen without my being able to prevent it; so that my once "fixed opinion" of the function of pain in the development of character turns out to have been a very lame and one-sided explanation. More often I find on examination that some of my earlier beliefs were a mere jumble of words destitute of any gold reserve of clear or even conceivable concepts behind them, and so abandoned not for any logical reasons other than the simple one that I could form no clear conception of the thing talked about. Howells does not tell the reason for the "swift loss of faith, after thirty-five, in a future life," and with all my eagerness to jump at any plausible proof or probability of what is so in-

stinctively longed for, I should still be utterly unable to grasp the idea of the persistence of those qualities by which we differentiate and know one aggregation of atoms from another, after that aggregation has been broken up and has disappeared. "All the men born of women must die in a destined course . . . it will not avail whether we praise and pray, or whether we eat and drink; the merciless morrow is coming. But why call it merciless? No one knows whether it is merciless or not. We know that somewhere there is love." Yes, indeed, but not the love of the mother that is gone — that particular love vanished with the giver and can no longer be conceived as existing except as a precious memory.

Very distinct is the picture of an old lady of sweet and placid countenance, her thin hair still brown above the smooth brow. She is sitting by the centre-table in the soft light of the Argand burner, unfolding the evening paper. She turns the pages slowly, pausing for no headlines of "Troubles on the Mexican Border" or "Discoveries in Crete" — these can wait — passing, too, the wisdom of the editorial page for its last column where in the corner is the mournful word *Deaths*, above the close-set type. There is nothing mournful in the placid face, only acquiescence,

the resignation, serenity, and peace of many years — not even apprehension. She is reckoning up her dead.

The boy beside her smiles. "Mother, why do you always turn first to the obituary notices?" She, too, smiles, and yields the paper to him. He will know in time.

And now — as once, when the evening shadows gathered, that gentle voice used to say, "Come, children, it is getting dark under the table — time to put away your toys and begin getting ready for bed" — the voice of the Universal Mother calls: "Come, put away your toys, your dead desires, your dreams of Heaven and Hell, your hopes and misgivings, the world is growing dark, it is time to sleep."

My window is the open sky;
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.
And when the robbers Time and Death
Athwart my path conspiring stand,
I cheat them with a clod, a breath,
And pass the sword from hand to hand.

THE END

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